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ELVIE THE FOUNDLING:

—OR,—

THE HOMICIDE OF HAZLEHURST.

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PURSUIT.

MEANWHILE, Elvie was being conveyed at a rapid rate in a direction quite different from what she imagined. After having remained silent for more than an hour, she inquired how much farther they had to go.

"Ten miles, or thereabouts," replied Ralph. She drew the green baize curtain aside, which fell down from the square top of the old-fashioned sleigh, but everything as far as the eye could reach, looked wild and desolate. No ground star illumining some comfortable home, sent its beams through the wintry air.

The man who sat by the side of Ralph, had not once spoken since he left the back seat for the one he now occupied, and Elvie, after looking for a few moments on the lonely and cheerless prospect, leaned back in her seat, and did not for the present again break the silence. Another hour she thought must have passed, when the horses slackened their speed, and once more looking out, she saw that they were no longer passing along a well-beaten road, but what appeared to be a lane. It was narrow and winding, and scarce the vestige of a path was visible through the snow. A sudden bend revealed in the distance a small building, but if a human habitation, there was no light to allure the weary traveller. Some object could be seen moving rapidly in the direction of the building, which, as well as Elvie could make out, was a man on horseback.

"Are you sure that you are going right?" inquired Elvie, somewhat alarmed.

"I guess so," replied Ralph. "Aint we?" said he, addressing the man by his side.

"Yes—I should have told you, if you'd been going wrong," was the answer.

Nothing more was said, but as Elvie continued to look out on the bleak and desolate prospect, rendered still more gloomy by some precipitous hills that darkly frowned on one side of the path, throwing it into deep shadow, suddenly a long line of light was shot from the building, and fell quivering with ruddy radiance across the snow-clad expanse. It was only for a few moments, when all was dark again. Once more Elvie ventured to speak.

"Are we going to stop at that house, I see yonder?" she inquired.

"Yes, long enough to let the horses rest," replied Ralph. "That's the calculation—isn't it?" said he, again appealing to the man who sat by him.

"Yes," was the laconic answer.

They soon emerged from the shadow of the hills, when a stream, whose source was in some of their craggy recesses, and whose current was too swift to be bound by winter's icy chains, betrayed its course by the thousands of bright sparkles caught from the star beams. Its hoarse murmurs mingled not unpleasantly with the silver voiced bells, and there was something in spiriting in the hurry and impetuosity with which it dashed along its rocky bed. It was spanned by a rude bridge, which they crossed, when a few minutes brought them to the house, whose exterior seemed in no respect more inviting than when seen from a distance. To appearance, all was dark within, the windows being carefully closed by wooden shutters, and neither chink nor crevice permitting the escape of even a gleam of light. There was one sign of habitation, however. From the chimney a wreath of smoke curled lazily upward through the frosty air. The only door was in front of the building, but the sleigh drew up at the opposite side, where there was a small stable. Ralph retained his seat, while the passenger jumped from the sleigh, and disappearing round the corner of the house knocked at the door. It was opened by a woman of commanding, even graceful appearance, who held in her hand a lamp, which flared by the wind, threatened every moment to go out. She stood in such a manner as to fill the doorway, with her large, dark eyes peering sharply into the face of the man who stood before her.

"By what sign," said she, "am I to know whether to admit you or not?"

"You know who I am—that is sign enough, I should think."

"I know very well that your name is Robert Decker, but how do I know that you are trusted by *him*? What were you told to say?"

"I should know, I think, for 'twas of my own selection. I took it from Macbeth, one of Will Shakspeare's plays. Once I—"

"Never mind where you took it from. What is it?"

"Fair is foul."

"Ay, that which seems to be fair. It has been—is—and ever will be so."

As she said this, she moved aside so as to permit him to enter.

"Has she come?" she then asked.

"Yes. Where is *he*?"

"In the next room."

"How long has he been here?"

"Five minutes."

"That was he then, I saw ahead of us?"

"Yes, I could see you coming, when I opened the door for him."

"How stupid Ralph is. Why don't he come along?"

"You had better call him."

He went to the corner of the house, and calling to the boy, told him to drive round to the door.

"Come," said Ralph, looking round to Elvie, when they had reached the door, "aint you going into the house? I guess 'tis the calculation to stop here to-night."

"Why should we stop here?"

"It's getting late, and I kind o' think we've been far enough, for one day."

Trembling with the apprehension of some undefinable danger, she stepped from the sleigh, with the little basket in her hand containing the delicacies so carefully selected for her father.

"Come in, and fear nothing," said the woman, taking her by the arm and leading her into the house.

As they entered, the glance of Elvie fell on Robert Decker. Her fears now took a more tangible form, for with him was associated the idea of Valmont. Her heart throbbed wildly as she sank into the chair which had been placed for her near the fire. Robert Decker kept aloof, and seemed uneasy. In a few minutes the woman found opportunity to say to him, that he was wanted in the next room. He entered, and as he had expected, found Valmont.

"Well, Rob," said he, "has the girl found out yet, that she isn't going to the prison to see Hunsdon?"

"I don't know," replied Robert, rather sullenly. "I haven't told her she wasn't."

"And she hasn't asked, eh?"

"No."

"I'm glad she has so little curiosity."

"She isn't a fool. She suspects there's foul play."

"How do you know?"

"I can tell by her looks. It's a bad piece of business, and I wish I had never written that letter to make her believe her father is sick."

"It is indeed, wonderfully bad, for the daughter of a felon, to be made the—"

"Wife of a felon!" muttered Decker between his teeth.

"What is that you say?"

"Nothing of consequence. Go on."

"As I was saying, to be made the wife of a man, who is among the wealthiest of the city of New Orleans."

"What if you should never go back there?"

"What should hinder me?"

"There may be others who know your secret, besides poor Jack Harder, who was gotten rid of so conveniently."

"Who should know it, except yourself?"

"Why this Spanish woman—this Julia Sandoval."

"There's no danger of her betraying me. She loves her sister's son too well for that. And you—if you ever dare venture to do it."

"What then?"

"Nothing, only I always carry a brace of pistols well loaded—one is for you, the other for myself."

"If you aint too big a coward to use it."

As Robert Decker said this in a sneering tone a horse and sleigh drove up to the house. The bells were muffled, so that no warning was given to those within except a slight grating of the runners on the snow. Slight as it was, it reached the quick and fearful ear of Valmont. One moment he listened with breathless eagerness. He heard voices without—he was certain of it. They were low, almost in a whisper, and were not heard by Elvie or Julia Sandoval. Ralph was out taking care of the horses. He had just finished, as the sleigh drove up to the door. All he knew was, that he had engaged for what he considered a good price to bring a young girl from Hazlehurst to the place where she now was, whence, on the following day, she was to be conveyed to a distant town by a gentleman who was to meet her there, to visit—so he was told—some relation who was not expected to live. He, therefore, knew of no reason why the two gentlemen who had arrived, should not enter the house. He opened the door which had remained unfastened during the few minutes that he was absent, and Edward Stafford and Mr. Berrian, pressing closely upon his footsteps, were in the room almost as soon as he was. At sight of them a cry of joy escaped from the lips of Elvie. Valmont heard it, and almost in the same breath he heard another voice, which he recognized as Edward Stafford's.

"Is this your work?" said he, fiercely.

"No, I know nothing more about it than you do," was Robert Decker's answer.

"You are a liar!"

The words were followed by the report of a pistol, and the next moment the sash was raised, the fastenings of a swing shutter were wrenched away, and Valmont sprang to the ground. He had, after the entrance of Decker, locked the door, but the thin boards of which it was composed offered no serious barrier to strong and resolute men, and ingress was soon obtained.

The first object that met the eyes of Mr. Berrian and Stafford after their entrance, was Robert Decker lying on the floor with his forehead covered with blood. On examination they found the wound by no means dangerous, the pistol-ball having merely grazed his forehead, and for a minute or two stunned him. Consciousness was already returning when they raised him from the floor.

The ashen face of Julia Sandoval had for a few moments, been thrust into the room, over the shoulder of Ralph Martin, who half stupified, stood in the doorway. When she saw the open window, she knew that her nephew had escaped from the house. Silently as a shadow, she glided away, and went out at the outside door. As she turned the corner of the house to go to the stable, a horse bearing a muffled form dashed past her with the speed of the wind.

"He is safe! He is safe!" said she, clasping her hands with nervous energy.

She then turned, and shook her head sadly.

"What matters it?" said she. "If his horse had the wings of the wind, he cannot escape his doom. That will surely overtake him, and the day isn't far off."

When she reached the threshold, she turned and looked back, but the horse and his rider were lost to view in the deep shadows thrown by the hills across his path.

"The author of all this mischief has given us the slip," said Mr. Berrian, after the alarm and confusion had a little subsided.

"I guess you'd think he had, if you'd seen him tear down the road," said Ralph Martin. "He went as if the wild Indians were after him."

"If you saw him, why didn't you tell us?" asked Stafford.

"What would 'ave been the use? I saw him when he'd got to the bridge, and I only had time to wink before he was out of sight."

"If 'twas Black Malek he rode," said Decker, "there's no horse here that could keep up with him—much more overtake him."

"I don't know what the horse's name was," replied Ralph, "but he was black as a thunder-cloud."

Robert Decker, after his wound was properly attended to, commenced several times to say something to Mr. Berrian, but each time suddenly checked himself. Mr. Berrian wisely abstained from urging any disclosure, imagining it to be best to let him take his own humor.

Edward Stafford sought the first opportunity to restore to Elvie the letter he had found at Brentford's tavern.

"It is a forgery," said he; "and it is fortunate that I found it, otherwise you might still be in the power of the treacherous villain, who has just escaped from here."

"A forgery?"

"Yes, your father is not sick. Mr. Berrian saw him last evening, and his health was as good as usual."

"If I could only see him before I return."

"You can. I wish to see him too. It is necessary that I should, and it will be as well now, as a week or two hence. I will make the necessary arrangements to go in the morning, though I may as well ascertain in the first place, if this woman is willing to give me shelter till then."

"I shall not turn you away," said she, in answer to his inquiry; "though I know that your coming has hastened the fate of one, towards whom my heart yearns, though reason and justice tell me to despise him. I should have saved her from him, if you had not come," looking towards Elvie. "I had the will to do it, and the power."

"He is a relation of yours?"

"The only one I have in the world; and yet, rather than innocent blood should be shed, I would bear witness against him. But there will be no need. I shall be saved that pang, though Heaven knows that I richly deserve it."

"You speak enigmatically."

"The enigma will soon be solved."

"What if there should be need, that you should bear witness against him?"

"There will not be. Others will do it. If there are those who would summon me without that need, I possess the means to baffle them."

"Who are those others, you allude to?"

"You will find them without my aid," and with an air that said, "I don't choose to be further questioned," she rose and commenced busying herself about some household arrangements. Stafford found that the horses and sleigh employed for the purpose of conveying Elvie from home, had been hired by Robert Decker of a farmer, a mile or two from the town where John Hunsdon was in prison; and that Ralph Martin was the farmer's son, and glad of the chance to earn a little money, by what, to him, was a pleasant excursion. Decker had come with him as far as Brentford's inn, where he remained while Ralph went to Hazlehurst, and had then, according to previous arrangement, accompanied him and Elvie to the place where they now were. Ralph was to go no further, so that Stafford found him well pleased with the opportunity of having a couple of passengers.

In the morning while Elvie was preparing for her journey, Julia Sandoval spoke to Stafford.

"I told you last night," said she, "that I should not be needed at the time of trial, and I shall not, if his life is spared,"—looking towards Robert Decker. "If it should not be, let some sure hand bring hither this ring, and hang it to the door latch. I shall regard it as a summons, which I shall be sure to obey."

"But would not a verbal or written message be plainer and more direct?"

"I shall not be there to receive a verbal message, and hand-writing may be imitated."

"And the *ring*—I see nothing to distinguish it from hundreds of others. It is a plain circlet of gold—nothing more."

"To your eye it is nothing more—I should know it among a thousand."

"If you are not here to receive a verbal message, how are you to find the ring?"

"You needn't perplex yourself about that. Within twenty-four hours after the ring is left, if I'm alive, you will see me."

"What am I to do with the ring, if I don't find it necessary to send it?"

"Keep it till I call for it."

"Or till you send?"

"Let it pass from your hand into no other, except mine."

Having said thus, she turned to Elvie.

"Darkness and gloom are round you now," said she; "but the morning will soon break. I already see the star that heralds the dawn, though to you it is invisible. When the glory of the morning is round you, know that then, I shall be lonely and desolate."

"If such a time should come, and I could be of any service to you," said Elvie.

"The loneliness and desolation will be of the heart—such as will not yield to human sympathy. My own deed will hasten the hour—it is my fate."

CHAPTER XXV.

ELVIE VISITS HER FATHER IN PRISON.

THE door of one of the prison-cells was opened, and Elvie stood in the presence of her father. He did not look up at her entrance, for being the hour for his evening meal, he imagined that it was the jailer. For a few moments she silently regarded him. He was reading, and the expression of his countenance was serene and thoughtful, while the beams of the setting sun, streaming in through the high and grated window, wove a golden halo round his benevolent brow.

"Father!"

"My daughter!"

He rose as he spoke, and the old, warm smile, which she remembered so well, illumined his features.

"You don't shun me, dear child, though the world does look on me as a criminal," said he, as she threw her arms around him.

"I am so glad to find you looking so well and cheerful."

"I am at peace with myself. That is the secret of my cheerfulness and good health. And yet, when I sometimes think of you and Aunt Margaret, and my poor Matty, the walls of my cell seem narrowing around me, and I seem stifling for want of air. How I then long for a seat at my own fireside. Most of all, I think of the peaceful Sabbath evenings we used to spend together. Sometimes I think I hear Matty speak my name. It is at such times that the gloom of my prison is oppressive. How is poor Matty?"

"The same as when I last wrote you. Her heart seems like to break sometimes; but our good pastor (and so do we all) cheers and comforts her with the hope that all will be well at last."

"Yes, whether I live or die, it will be well."

"But what sustains her, is the belief that you will soon be restored to us."

"The time of my trial fast approaches, and yet I don't find that anything has transpired to fasten suspicion on any one else."

"It isn't yet too late."

"No, though I begin to realize that the chances are against me."

"Don't say that."

"I don't say it to pain you—but that you may have time to be prepared for the worst."

"O, my father, I have been so tempted. Even now it isn't too late. Tell me what I must do?"

"What do you mean, my child?"

"Will a little evasion be so very wrong?"

"Explain."

"Mr. Stafford hoped to be able to prove an alibi."

"How?"

"By making it appear that it wasn't twelve o'clock, when I met you near the door."

"The clock had struck."

"Yes, the village clock, but it wasn't twelve by our clock. Why then, if I am asked if it was twelve, when we met near our own door, should I not say no?"

"Don't flatter yourself that questions will be so loosely put. 'Twas the striking of the clock that marked the time of the murder."

"And I heard it. How then can I evade giving a direct answer?"

"You cannot. Do not for a moment harbor the thought. It would be purchasing my life at too dear a rate. No, never with my consent, shall the lips which Matty and I taught to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven,' be polluted with perjury. The thought would be more bitter than death."

"I felt so very strong when I told Mr. Stafford I couldn't say it; but now, here in your lonely prison, it seems so cruel to refuse to say the one word that would save you."

"Don't let it trouble you. Let us rather hope that light will spring up out of darkness, when we least expect it."

His words reminded her of what Julia Sandoval had said, at the moment of parting, and she allowed herself to hope that the morning was indeed about to break.

They sat together and talked till the bit of sunshine, admitted through the barred windows was gone, and the gloom of twilight had deepened into night. The time had come when Elvie was obliged to go. Her father had already given her messages for her mother and Aunt Margaret, and it now only remained for him to bid his daughter farewell.

"God be with you, and bless you, my child."

Elvie's parting words were broken by sobs, which she strove in vain to repress. She could not bear the thought of leaving him in his lonely cell, while he, though he conquered his emotion, could not but think that the light of the home to which she was going, might never more shine for him. * * * *

Helen Marshall's proposition to reveal to Elvie, what had transpired relative to her parentage, was overruled by her mother and uncle.

"We may be mistaken," said Mrs. Carlton; "and it would be cruel to raise expectations, which may never be realized."

"It don't appear to me, that there can be any mistake," was Helen's reply.

"There may not be—I hope there is not. Yet I see no occasion for mixing ourselves up with this horrid affair. Let the storm blow over, and then she can be quietly taken to our old home in Virginia, and no one will suspect that Genevra Willoughby, my niece, was once known as Elvie Hunsdon, the adopted daughter of a murderer."

"He it as you will," said Helen, "sorrow like hers can admit of little alleviation. Even the information so long and ardently desired can be nothing more than a few transient sparkles of joy in her bitter cup."

"It is even so," said her mother, who inwardly congratulated herself upon Helen's acquiescence.

The truth was, Mrs. Carlton hoped that before suitable arrangements could be made to receive Elvie into her own home, without danger of her being recognized as the adopted daughter of John Hunsdon, that her own daughter would be the wife of Herbert. The same hope was cherished with equal strength and fondness by Mr. Beverly, who believed that because his son seldom made any allusion to Elvie he had ceased to think of her. This belief was more and more confirmed by the frequent and protracted interviews of his son and Helen. He did not know that the oft repeated names of Edward Stafford and Elvie Hunsdon gave to the confidential and low yet earnest conversations which they held apart, their greatest charm.

Herbert, after he had had a glimpse of the dark and treacherous schemes of Valmont in relation to Elvie, wrote to her on the subject, and a full explanation ensued, which was satisfactory to each of them. Subsequently, friendly letters continued to pass between them, though written in so guarded a manner, that no mischief could have resulted from their being intercepted. Herbert did not feel pleased at the idea of Elvie's being kept in ignorance of what so nearly concerned her, but the promise exacted of him by his father, not to see her till the expiration of a year, which he knew he would not at present be willing to cancel, and the danger under existing circumstances of trusting such an important communication to writing, compelled him to yield to what others considered best.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TRIAL.

THE day for the trial of John Hunsdon had come. He was pale, but there was that in his countenance which showed, as he had said to Elvie, when she had visited him in prison, that he was at peace with himself.

The circumstances which told against him are already known; such as the earnest desire expressed by Harder soon after his arrival at the hotel, to see John Hunsdon; and the probability, amounting nearly to a certainty, that on his way back to the hotel, after calling at the prisoner's house, he must have met him returning from Mr. Marsden's, and above all, the bloody knife marked with Hunsdon's name, found lying at a little distance from him who had been murdered. The supposition which grew out of the anxiety manifested by Harder to see Hunsdon, that he was owing him a heavy sum of money, and that he came to Hazlehurst for the express purpose to obtain his due, had gradually obtained strength, so that at last it came to be regarded more as a reality, than merely a plausible imagination, and without their being conscious of it, gave to the opinion of the community a strong bias against the accused.

When the testimony embracing the incidents as recapitulated, and others of minor importance had been closed, there were few present, who entertained a doubt of the prisoner's guilt. There were a few, however, who did, in addition to Edward Stafford, who not a little surprised many of the good people of Hazlehurst, present at the trial, by appearing in the character of a solicitor, instead of an artist. Yet even those who did not believe him guilty, the evidence went so strong against him, gave him up for lost. All except one. This was Edward Stafford, as could be seen by the light of his clear, gray eyes, his perfect self-possession, and that modest confidence, so far removed from arrogance, which marked his whole demeanor.

On the contrary, the senior counsel for the defence appeared despondent till after a few words to him apart by Stafford. Then the cloud passed from his brow. Previously to that, he had with most others believed that the strongest evidence which could be produced in the prisoner's favor, was, that up to the time the crime was committed, his character had been irreproachable.

After the opening argument for the defence, several testified that he had sustained a good character previous to his arrest, and that he was known to be so peaceably inclined, while at the same time so much confidence was placed in his good sense and discretion, that he had often been called to act as arbiter, on occasion of any slight quarrel between persons in the neighborhood.

"Mr. Marsden was confident that the prisoner had time after he parted with him, to reach home in nearly ten minutes before the alarm.

Mr. Berrian said, "that at a late hour, the night of the murder, as he was slowly driving a loaded wagon, he saw a man wearing a dark-colored cloak coming from the opposite direction, who when he arrived near John Hunsdon's house, went up to the fence enclosing the space front of a shed, and took something from a pile of wood, which flashed brightly in the moonlight. At this moment, he spoke to his horses. To the man, this was apparently the first intimation of his approach, for he immediately turned, and precipitately retreated a short distance, which concealed him from view."

Joseph Brooks testified that he found a glove and a ring near the scene of the murder. These were exhibited, and proved by several witnesses to have belonged to Jervis Valmont; but, as he had been seen near the place the morning after his return from the village, and as there was no one who could fix the time, it could not be told whether his visit there was before or after that of Joseph Brooks.

What Prudence Hammond said of Valmont's appearance, when she found him in the chamber by the body of Harder, might have been occasioned by an excitable temperament.

Though the testimony of these witnesses would have been valuable as corroborative evidence, it was not sufficiently conclusive to invalidate that which had been given against the prisoner.

It was now whispered that only one more witness would appear, and most present imagined it would be Elvie Hunsdon. When, instead of her, Robert Decker took his place, a certain class, such as are afflicted with a morbid craving to lay bare the bleeding heart, and count one by one its throbbing pulses, were disappointed.

It was through Stafford's influence that she was exempted from testifying to that, which, to say the least, would have been as much against, as in favor of her father.

Though Valmont had attempted his life, Robert Decker had been so reluctant to appear as a witness at John Hunsdon's trial, that he had given Mr. Berrian the slip, who had been instructed by Stafford to keep his eye on him, and had, up to the very evening preceding the day appointed for the trial, eluded those who were in search of him. He then, as much to Stafford's surprise as satisfaction, presented himself, thus superseding the necessity of sending a messenger, already engaged for the purpose, to convey the ring given him by Julia Sandoval, to the place designated.

In answer to Stafford's inquiry, as to what had induced him to come forward, after so long concealing himself, he replied that while Valmont was at large, he found there was no safety for himself.

"You know where he is?" said Stafford.

"I do," was his answer; "and you can, if you please, have him in custody before to-morrow evening, for his attempt on my life; but it will be found that there is a blacker crime that he will have to answer for."

Officers were at once despatched for the purpose of arresting him, though it was then late at night. Stafford had had no opportunity to communicate, even with Mr. Alden, previously to entering the court house, and no one knew, except those engaged in conducting the trial, till Decker took his place for that purpose, that he was to appear as a witness.

The incidents of the night on which Mr. Hunsdon was arrested, as far as connected with Robert Decker and Valmont, have been related up to the time when they left their room at Simpson's hotel. Valmont, as may be remembered, having stolen thence by a back door, leaving Decker, as he imagined, under the influence of the wine he had drugged, but who, only simulating the heavy stupor which would have been the natural effect of the opiate, rose as soon as he was gone, and followed him.

The witness having recounted these incidents, went on to say [with the omission of numerous cant phrases, which in his opinion gave weight and significance to his statement] nearly as follows:

"I was satisfied," said he, "that Valmont, after he found that I couldn't be hired to put Harder out of the way, had made up his mind to do it himself. By a few words inadvertently dropped, and then glozed over, when speaking to me on the subject of getting rid of him, I thought he meant to enter Harder's room for the purpose, if no other chance presented itself, after he was asleep. Harder had once befriended me, and I determined in my own mind, to get access to him and warn him to be on his guard.

"When I stole out after Valmont he was not out of sight. He was walking very fast, but as I am a good walker, I found no difficulty in lessening the distance between us, as much as I thought was safe. When in sight of Wait's hotel, Valmont walked more slowly, and finally, after lurking under fences and behind trees, gradually approaching nearer the hotel, he cautiously crept up to a window of the bar-room, which was shaded by the porch and looked in. Almost instantly he crouched down in the shadow of the porch. He barely had time for this before a man came out of the hotel. I could see very plainly that it was Harder. He commenced walking rather slowly in the direction of John Hunsdon's house, where a light was still burning. The road being winding, Valmont, after waiting for Harder to get a pretty good start, took a short cut across the fields, which brought him several rods distant from the house, and on the opposite side to that which Harder was approaching. All this time I had kept as near Valmont as I dared.

"Harder continued to walk slowly, and when he arrived near the house stopped a little. He then went to the door and knocked. Some one opened it—I couldn't see who it was—and Harder stood two or three minutes on the doorstep. I could hear voices, though I couldn't distinguish what was said. Valmont, I think, was near enough to hear what Harder said. As soon as he turned to go, Valmont, who had kept well screened by the shadow of the fence, started on rapidly in the same direction. When very near the house, he snatched something from a pile of wood, which, by the way it glittered in the moonlight, I took to be a knife. A minute before this a man with a loaded wagon had turned the corner of the road, which intersects the one passing by John Hunsdon's house. I saw the wagon before it turned the corner, but I don't think that Valmont noticed it, till the man spoke to his horses, for he then turned back and hid in some pine woods, till the wagon passed.

"Valmont did not again go into the road, but took the short cut, as he had done before, and succeeded in reaching a spot some distance ahead of Harder, and near the most lonely part of the road. He jumped over the wall and stood close to the trunk of a large tree, which prevented him from being seen. At that moment, the clock began to strike. I cried out to Harder, calling him by name, but I think that the clock prevented either him or Valmont from hearing me. I was still at a considerable distance, and I hastened forward as fast as I could. I was too late. Valmont darted like lightning from behind the tree and sprang upon his victim. In his death-cry, my own cry—one of warning—was lost. He fell, and for half a minute, Valmont bent over him. When he rose, he tossed something from him. It was the knife, for it caught the moonbeams as it passed through the air, and flashed like a meteor. I waited for no more but hastened back to Stimpson's. When Valmont came, he didn't suspect that I had been absent."

To the foregoing was added what Valmont had told him respecting the loss of his ring, his anxiety concerning it, and that he (Robert Decker), although he said he must have lost it while on his way to the village, saw it on his finger, as they sat at the table drinking wine.

Herbert Beverly was present at the trial. He felt unequal to enduring that heart-sickening suspense, which must have been suffered, ere the newspaper reports could reach him through the mails, conveyed by the agency of horses instead of steam.

He arrived at a late hour the morning the trial was to commence, not in season to speak with Edward Stafford, and it was with difficulty he found a place in the crowded court house. Stafford had sent him a few lines, informing him of what Julia Sandoval had said to him, but it had failed to reach him. When, therefore, he heard the whispered remarks of those around him that the prisoner was certain to be found guilty, they accorded but too well with his own fears, as witness after witness for the defence failed to say anything, which could make void the evidence for the Commonwealth. He was not one of those who have the power of concealing their emotions under the mask of apathy, and his feelings of despondency, as they gave way to the cheering influences of hope, wrought a corresponding change in his appearance, as he listened to the testimony of Robert Decker, which even to those who might not deem his veracity unimpeachable, carried with it the force of truth from its embracing the incidents named by Mr. Berrian and Joseph Brooks.

The sense of being obliged to perform a painful duty had imparted a hard and fixed look to the countenances of the jury, and it must have been interesting to those who like to read the aspect of the mind in the face, to mark, as they listened to Decker, the gradual unknitting of bent brows, and the relaxation of the compressed lips, together with a general softening of all those stern and rigid lines which indicated a resolution to do right, though at the expense of the gentler promptings of the heart. They agreed on the verdict without quitting their seats, and when the foreman, in answer to the question, "Is the prisoner at the bar, guilty or not guilty?" said in loud, cheerful and hearty tones, which penetrated to the lobbies and outer doors of the court house, "Not guilty," the words were cheerfully and devoutly echoed by every heart.

Herbert Beverly, now that the innocence of Mr. Hunsdon had been proclaimed to the world, her parentage having already been proved satisfactorily to himself, could not see why he should any longer be prohibited from seeing Elvie. After speaking a few words with Edward Stafford, he called at the house where she had been invited by a kind and benevolent lady to remain during the trial. Her father was already with her. When she visited him in prison, he appeared calm and composed. He controlled his emotion then, that he might not add bitterness to her sorrow. Now, when he had, as it were, stepped from the valley of the shadow of death, into the light of joy and hope, tears, such as express a fullness of happiness, for which there are no words freely flowed.

"You will think I have a woman's heart," said he, as Herbert, having exchanged an expressive glance with Elvie, took his hand and shook it with so much warmth and fervor, that not a single congratulatory word was needed.

"I might suspect the same of myself," Herbert replied; "but if tears be a weakness, they are one, which at such a moment as this may be esteemed a virtue. To add to the joy, I've good news for you, Elvie. It is found who your parents were."

"Then I have lost a daughter," said John Hunsdon.

"No, my father, while I live, I shall be your daughter still. But you say, Herbert, that it is found who my parents *were*?"

"Yes—neither of them is living."

"And were they—" she stopped and turned pale. She could not ask the question which had risen to her lips.

Herbert understood why she broke off so abruptly.

"Your parents were rich," said he, "not only in this world's goods, but in those virtues which adorn humanity."

He then informed them of what had been told to his father and him by Mrs. Carlton. Soon after he had finished, word was brought him that Edward Stafford wished to speak with him, and with a promise that he would call early in the morning, before they set out for home, he took leave, just as Mr. Wingrove was announced. The pastor had intentionally deferred calling, as he knew that Herbert Beverly was with them.

The next evening, John Hunsdon sat at his own fireside, with Matty, Elvie and Aunt Margaret. Those who look in upon them in imagination, cannot fail to realize how that evening was spent.

In as short a time afterward as they could be transmitted by post, Elvie received two letters—one from Herbert, the other from Helen Marshall. Herbert's was written under the influence of joyful excitement, he having just had a conversation with his father, who had given his unconditional consent to receive Elvie as his daughter in-law; what few scruples remaining in his mind, as to her being the child of his former friend, having been removed by intelligence received from Edward Stafford, the very evening after his son's arrival.

The missive sent by Helen was full of those warm and generous sentiments peculiar to her character. While impatient to welcome to her home, whither she was about to return, her newly found cousin, who already had a place in her heart, she was too unselfish even to ask her, for the present, to leave those, whose happiness, after having so recently passed through the fire, would be incomplete if deprived of her presence. Itlikewise contained a kind, even affectionate message from Mrs. Carlton, who had graciously consented for her daughter to receive the addresses of Edward Stafford, on finding it was the general opinion that the eloquence and practical talent he had lately displayed, was the initiatory step in the path leading to fame and fortune.

John Hunsdon and his wife felt proud and happy that they had found means to give their adopted daughter an education equal to the more exalted station which she seemed destined ere long to fill. These sentiments were shared by Mr. Wingrove, from having been her tutor.

"All went happy as a marriage bell," when early one evening, they received a call from their pastor. He made an unsuccessful attempt to smile at his entrance, then sinking into the chair which had been placed for him, he for a moment veiled his face with his hand.

"Something unpleasant has taken place," said Mr. Hunsdon.

"There has," he replied. "Here is a paper which gives an account of it. It came this evening, and Mr. Wait said he thought he had better send it to me, so that I could call over with it."

"There is bad news from Herbert," said Elvie.

"Yes."

"Is he dead?" she forced herself to ask.

"I hope not, but read for yourself," said he, handing her the paper, and pointing out the paragraph containing the intelligence. Elvie mechanically took the paper and read:

"Last evening, when the mail-coach from Albany had arrived within a few miles of this city, the horses took fright from some unknown cause, and the driver losing all control of them, in turning a corner, the coach was dashed with violence against a stone post and upset. There were seven passengers, all of whom, with one exception, escaped nearly unharmed. This was an estimable young man, by the name of Herbert Beverly. He is the only son of the distinguished merchant by that name, and is, we deeply regret to say, so badly injured that no hope is entertained of his recovery."

There was little said, for sorrow will have way, and the pastor knew, that consolation prematurely offered increases instead of soothing the affliction it would alleviate.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ARREST OF VALMONT. CONCLUSION.

THOSE who went for the purpose to apprehend Valmont, by following the instructions of Robert Decker, succeeded without difficulty. The same evening that he was arrested, a man arrived from New Orleans, in accordance with the request made to his correspondent, by Edward Stafford, who, as may as well be mentioned now, at once recognized him, as the same person, who had always in his native city been known as James Villars.

It being subsequently proved by other witnesses that he had no better claim to the name of Villars than Valmont, he was indicted by the latter name, for the alleged murder of John Harder, and was immediately brought to trial. The testimony which went to prove Mr. Hunsdon's innocence convicted him, and he was condemned to suffer the utmost penalty of the law.

It was near midnight, and Valmont for more than an half hour, had been listening for some expected sound. The rain was descending in torrents, and faint flashes of sheeted lightning, succeeded by low and distant thunder, at intervals dispelled the almost Cimmerian darkness. It was one of those March storms, which sometimes quickly dissolve the heavy masses of snow accumulated during winter, and breaks the icy fetters binding lake and river.

A few days previously, a woman, who represented herself as being Valmont's only relation, was admitted to his cell. Her visit was short, but she found time to give him certain directions, and opportunity to furnish him with means to remove the iron bars that crossed his window. Her last words to him were:

"Remember the first dark and stormy night."

It had been raining since early morning, and when he knew that the midnight hour was near at hand he removed the grating of his window, which he had previously succeeded in loosening without exciting suspicion, and with little difficulty let himself down on the outside. His feet had scarcely touched the ground, when a voice said close to his ear:

"Give me your hand. Black Malek is close by, and you can reach the old hat before morning."

"Of what use will it be? *He* will be there."

"Who will be there?"

"You know—he has vanished me ever since."

"What folly is this?" said the woman scornfully. "Harder is gone, whence he cannot return."

"It is as I say. When I rode from the hut, the night I shot that traitor, *he* kept all the way close to my side."

"Foolish man! 'Twas your own shadow cast on the snow-covered hills, that rode by your side. The moon, as I well remember, had just risen."

"Am I to stay alone?"

"Yes, till I can join you. You will easily find the place of concealment I have prepared. Be cautious, and you will be safe. Here's the place where I left the horse."

The next minute Valmont was on the back of Black Malek, and as mingling with the shrieking of the wind, and the beating of the rain, was heard the quick tramp of the generous steed, the half-roused sleeper imagined that some belated traveller was abroad, and hoped he would soon find a shelter from the pitiless storm. Now and then, the fugitive imagined that he heard sounds as of those in hot pursuit, and once, borne on a heavy gust of wind that swept down through a gorge of the hills, seemed to come a shrill cry of agony, such as he too well remembered. Reason told him it was but the spirit of the tempest hurrying by, that shrieked in his ear—not of him, as whispered his guilty fears, whose lifeblood he had caused to flow. Even at that very moment, he raised his hand dripping with the cold rain-drops to his forehead, for the faint red streak which Robert Decker had seen there, and which, in the morning he himself saw, seemed to him still there, and burning into his flesh. Swiftly and untiring as the wild horse of the desert, Black Malek kept on his way. For half an hour there had been a lull in the tempest, and then it raged with redoubled fury. Still the good steed pressed on. He knew he was fast nearing the place where he had been sheltered and fed. Soon he had turned from the high road into that which led to the lonely and solitary house. Mingling with the other wild sounds of the tempest, was now heard the roar of surging waters. It was the voice of the scanty impetuous stream, now swollen to a torrent, which all winter long had laughed and sparkled down the hillside, and then danced merrily along its capricious way. Here and there, a faint phosphorescent glimmer alone marked the course of its foaming waves as it dashed madly along. All besides on every hand, except a few patches of snow, was dark as the waters of Acheron. Quick as thought, the horse came to a dead stand. Valmont barely escaped being thrown. It was in vain that he goaded him on, Black Malek would not move. As he stood, his fore-feet thrust forward, and firmly planted in the tenacious soil, a wild, shrieking noise, such as often re-echoes through the dark woods, from some ill-omened bird of night, broke on the ear of Valmont with startling effect, rousing all his superstitious fears into quicker life. Hardly knowing what he did, he suddenly pressed his spurred heel against the already lacerated and bleeding flank of his spirited horse. Maddened with the pain, he reared and gave a sudden bound forward. For a single moment every limb quivered—the frantic and terrified animal stood poised in air, with his hind feet on the utmost verge of a deep, rock-bound gulf, brimming with the unchained waters which had rushed from the adjacent hills. The next he had plunged into the boiling flood, the frail bridge, which fifteen minutes before had spanned it, having been swept away, and dashed to pieces against the rocks and blocks of ice. The current, though strong, swift, and icy cold, was successfully stemmed by brave Black Malek. Not so by his rider. A few wild struggles, a few despairing cries, and the doomed man, who unwittingly had urged the reluctant animal to take the fatal plunge, had passed to a higher tribunal than that which had condemned him to expiate his guilt by an ignominious death; thus proving that, "destiny may delay but not forget punishment," even should the judgment of man be eluded.

* * * *

It was the hour of twilight, and the shadows stole stealthily in and gathered themselves together in the corners of the room, and at last ventured close to the hearthstone; for the cheerful blaze of the fire, after becoming fitful and evanescent, had gone out, and the ashes had already commenced weaving a leaden-hued shroud over the red coals. Matty, Elvie and Aunt Margaret were sitting near that hearthstone. Neither of them had spoken for a long time, for they were thinking of Herbert Beverly—thinking that even then he might be dead. And the shadows that were creeping into the corners and close up to the fireside, seemed to fall around them like a funeral pall.

"The paper didn't say he was dead," said Elvie, after a long time, raising her face from Aunt Margaret's lap where it had been buried.

"No," was the faint reply.

"You don't speak as if you thought there was any hope," said Elvie, looking wistfully into her aunt's face, as if there to find something more hopeful than the faintly uttered monosyllable.

"You must never give up hoping," said Matty. "I didn't *dare* to."

"I hear some one coming," said Aunt Margaret. "It is John, I suppose. No, it isn't his step."

As she spoke, a quick bloom broke over Elvie's cheeks. The next moment the door opened, and Herbert Beverly stood before them. Elvie sprang forward with eager words of joy broken by sobs, and was clasped in his arms.

"It was as I feared, was it not?" said he. "You saw in the papers an account of an accident which happened to me, and some others."

"Yes, we saw it, and we thought—I never expected to see you again, Herbert," said Elvie.

"Was it a false report?" inquired Matty.

"Not false, though a little exaggerated. There was a mistake too, as you will suppose by seeing me here. The passenger most seriously injured was a young man about my age, who, I am happy to say, is in a fair way to recover."

In a few minutes, Mr. Hunsdon came home.

"This is a pleasure I didn't expect," said he, as Herbert rose and went forward to meet him. "Yet for all the paper spoke so discouraging, I couldn't give you up."

As they all sat together by the fire which had been roused into a ruddy blaze, the shadows stole away from the hearthstone, as silently as they came. Even those which had gathered so darkly in the corners of the room, glided thence, and crept under the tables, and two or three heavy arm-chairs close to the wainscot. And the gloom which like a heavy pall had settled down on the spirits of Elvie, Matty, and Aunt Margaret, now floated around them like a golden mist, through which glimpses of many a bright picture were seen in the vista of the future. They were not all dream-pictures. There came a time when many of them, with all their sunny and flowery aspects, subdued and harmonized by that atmosphere of delicious repose in which domestic happiness finds its true element, were wrought into their web of life. That time was when Herbert and Elvie had a fireside of their own, often cheered by the presence of those friends they best loved.

Besides Mr. Beverly, who was as proud of his son's wife as of his son, and Mrs. Carlton, who at times was almost cheated into the belief that her lost sister was restored to her, was he to whom not only Elvie but Herbert gave the name of father. With his strong heart, words of cheer, and frank, open countenance, when he was present, all seemed fuller of life, while the presence of Matty, whose sweet face for a long time after those dark days had been a shade paler, but was now blooming and cheerful as ever, was by all felt to be a happiness. Nor was the chair of Aunt Margaret vacant. Earnest in purpose, and prompt to execute as ever, though still sedate, she was less sad than formerly. A shadow, however, would cross her brow whenever there came to her mind the memory of a lowly and unhonored grave, on which alone and in silence, she had shed many a bitter tear.

Edward Stafford had ably and successfully adjusted the business which put Elvie in possession of the wealth, of which by the villany of Valmont she had been so long defrauded, a short time prior to her marriage with Herbert. Though he had been liberally remunerated for his services, when, at last, his business proved well, that Mrs. Carlton no longer evinced his marrying her daughter, Elvie, with currence and approbation of her husband sented to her cousin Helen, as a bridal fine summer residence, situated in the grounds, possessing such capabilities for tion and improvement as are sure to reskilful hand, and gratify a taste for the b

They were married—Edward Staff Helen Marshall at Mr. Beverly's, where mother, at her brother in law's request, cided to make her home. Mr Wingrwhom Stafford while at Hazlehurst ha a warm friendship, performed the cerem and Mrs. Wingrove, together with Mr Hunsdon, and Aunt Margaret, having vitation of Herbert and Elvie, made a j New York that they might be present wedding.

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"A violin! What's that?"

"Did you never see one?"

"Never."

"Enoch," said the doctor, stepping door, "bring your violin here."

Enoch obeyed the command, but n had he entered with his instrument, tha claimed:

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"Do not judge rashly," said the doctor, his son a violin, "wait till you hear it."

Taking the hint, Enoch played Old H The lady was completely mystified; it like a fiddle, but then who had ever he Hundred played on a fiddle! It coul So, rising, she exclaimed:

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MUSIC.

I consider music to be the most gra complishment and delightful recreati adorns this hard-working world, and r our busy, overcharged existence. Its import is great. It provides an amuse our people, and keeps many from the and midnight brawl. Its positive m and value are inestimable; for the ec chords that regulate our whole being a torrowers, sense with principle, that the acter assumes a clothing from external stances. I am aware that, from eve however pure and sacred, fire might and desecrated; but we should emulate which, while it enlivens all around, poi skies. I would not confine music to any life. Not alone to the sacred altar alone in the costly theatre, nor in the g loons, nor confine it to six guinea stal would hear our nightingales sing in ev and trill on every bough. I would have by heart enliven the domestic tea-table riety to the village school, and linger in tuary.—*Lord Carlisle.*

A DEATH BELL.

A story is told of the casting of the be church of St. Magdalen, Breslau. W metal was ready to pour into the mould, founder went to dinner, and forbade hi tice, under penalty of death, to touch th which the metal was conveyed. Th curious to see the operation, disobeye ders, and the whole of the metal went mould, and the enraged master, return his meal, slew him on the spot. On open the mould, he found he had been t for the bell was cast as perfect as possibl it was hung in its place the master had tenced to death by the sword, for the c his apprentice, and the entreaties of the a that he might be allowed to hear it r before he died. His petition was gran the bell has since been rung at every c —*New Church Herald.*

NEW LOCOMOTIVE POWER

If all the alleged inventions of modern were genuine, and available, civilizatio be far in advance of its present limits respondent of an English paper state French gentleman has discovered the *compressing electricity*—thus controlling far greater than any heretofore brought It requires, he states, neither machinery tention; and a vessel propelled by it she would like a bird, and at the rate miles an hour. It is said that in the co series of experiments which were trie cessful, a small mortar was fired by the at the rate of a hundred shots a minute flashing, smoke or noise.—*Hunker Hi*

A young person thinks it enough to As he grows older, he finds it necessary others that he has done so. Much of that might be spent in doing well must to securing evidence that we have not d *Wyglesworth.*

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They were married—Edward Stafford and Helen Marshall at Mr. Beverly's, where Helen's mother, at her brother-in-law's request, had decided to make her home. Mr. Wingrove, with whom Stafford while at Hazlehurst had formed a warm friendship, performed the ceremony; he and Mrs. Wingrove, together with Mr. and Mrs. Hunsdon, and Aunt Margaret, having by the invitation of Herbert and Elvie, made a journey to New York that they might be present at the wedding.

It was not known what became of Julia Sandoval, but there was a rumor that she returned to Spain, her native land, to which her heart had always turned with fond affection; and glad, it might be, to leave a country, where the fraud she had ventured to commit had led to such unhappy results.

Robert Decker, freed from the influence of Valmont, who had been his evil genius, was, through the influence of Herbert Beverly, furnished with suitable employment, and did not again relapse into his former bad courses.

THE END.

THE MINISTER AND THE FIDDLE.

Half a century ago, or less, the pious but somewhat facetious Dr. Pond dwelt in the quiet and out-the-way village of A——, in the State of Steady Habits. The doctor's ideas were liberal—much more so than many of his congregation approved; nevertheless he kept on the even tenor of his way, and disregarded the prejudices of some of his people. He had a son named Enoch, who at an early age manifested a remarkable talent for music, which the father cherished and cultivated with care. In the same village resided an antiquated maiden lady, who having no cares of her own to occupy her time and attention, magnanimously devoted herself to those of her neighbors. One morning she called at the doctor's and requested to see him. When he entered the room where she was seated, he perceived at a glance that something was amiss, and before he had time to extend to her the usual "How d'ye do?" she began—

"I think, Dr. Pond, that a man of your age and profession might have had something better to do, when you were in London last week, than to buy Enoch a *fiddle*; all the people are ashamed that our minister should buy his son a fiddle. *A fiddle!* O, dear, what is the world coming to when ministers will do such things?"

"Who told you I had bought Enoch a fiddle?" inquired the doctor.

"Who told me? why everybody says so, and some people have heard him play on it as they passed the door. But aint it true, doctor?"

"I bought Enoch a violin when I went to New London."

"A violin! What's that?"

"Did you never see one?"

"Never!"

"Enoch," said the doctor, stepping to the door, "bring your violin here."

Enoch obeyed the command, but no sooner had he entered with his instrument, than she exclaimed:

"La! now, there; why, it is a fiddle!"

"Do not judge rashly," said the doctor, giving his son a wink, "wait till you hear it."

Taking the hint, Enoch played Old Hundred. The lady was completely mystified; it looked like a fiddle, but then who had ever heard Old Hundred played on a fiddle! It could not be. So, rising, she exclaimed:

"I am glad I came in to satisfy myself. La, me! just to think how people will lie!"—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

MUSIC.

I consider music to be the most graceful accomplishment and delightful recreation that adorns this hard-working world, and renovates our busy, overcharged existence. Its negative import is great. It provides an amusement for our people, and keeps many from the ale house and midnight brawl. Its positive importance and value are inestimable; for the combining chords that regulate our whole being are so interwoven, sense with principle, that the very character assumes a clothing from external circumstances. I am aware that, from every altar, however pure and sacred, fire might be stolen and desecrated; but we should emulate the flame which, while it enlivens all around, points to the skies. I would not confine music to any walk in life. Not alone in the sacred cathedral, not alone in the costly theatre, nor in the gilded saloons, nor confine it to six-guinea stalls; but I would hear our nightingales sing in every grove and trill on every bough. I would have the harpy heart enliven the domestic tea-table, add variety to the village school, and linger in the sanctuary.—*Lord Carlisle.*

A DEATH BELL.

A story is told of the casting of the bell for the church of St. Magdalen, Breslau. When the metal was ready to pour into the mould, the chief founder went to dinner, and forbade his apprentice, under penalty of death, to touch the vent by which the metal was conveyed. The youth, curious to see the operation, disobeyed the orders, and the whole of the metal went into the mould, and the enraged master, returning from his meal, slew him on the spot. On breaking open the mould, he found he had been too hasty, for the bell was cast as perfect as possible. When it was hung in its place the master had been sentenced to death by the sword, for the murder of his apprentice, and he entreated the authorities that he might be allowed to hear it rung once before he died. His petition was granted, and the bell has since been rung at every execution. —*New Church Herald.*

NEW LOCOMOTIVE POWER.

If all the alleged inventions of modern ingenuity were genuine, and available, civilization would be far in advance of its present limits. A correspondent of an English paper states that a French gentleman has discovered the secret of *compressing electricity*—thus controlling a power far greater than any heretofore brought into use. It requires, he states, neither machinery nor combustion; and a vessel propelled by it will skim the water like a bird, and at the rate of sixty miles an hour. It is said that in the course of a series of experiments which were tried at Vincennes, a small mortar was fired by the inventor, at the rate of a hundred shots a minute, without flashing, smoke or noise.—*Bunker Hill Aurora.*

A young person thinks it enough to do right. As he grows older, he finds it necessary to satisfy others that he has done so. Much of the time that might be spent in doing well must be used in securing evidence that we have not done ill.—*Wigglesworth.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

"MY OTHER SELF AND I."

BY "HERMIT."

In the cold and silent starlight,
Stood my other self and I;
In the pure and holy starlight,
Underneath the deep blue sky.
'Twas the stilly hour of midnight,
And the breeze went softly by,
Whispering tales of love and romance,
To "my other self and I."

She was fair, and I did love her—
Loved my other self did I!
Heaven to me seemed not above her—
And my love was pure and high.
Holy, as the starlight round us—
Pure, as snow clouds in the sky,
Was the chord of love that bound us;
Bound "my other self and I."

Tremblingly I bent above her,
Tremblingly I took her hand,
Swore to love her—truly love her—
Love her only, till life's end.
Then the silvery starlight trembled,
And the breeze was all a sigh,
Whilst the night that vow recorded,
Sealed—and sent it up on high.

Then I bent once morewand kissed her;
Kissed those lips of cherry hue,
And I saw a tear-drop glisten,
Like a drop of crystal dew—
Tremble on the long, dark lashes,
Shading those soft sauve eyes—
Deeper than the caves of ocean—
Softer than Italia's skies.

That bright tear to me was dearer
Than the richest gems of earth;
And the grove of heaven seemed nearer,
For that pearl of priceless worth.
Then my heart was full of gladness,
For a soul so pure and bright—
Robbing earth of half its sadness—
Sprinkling life with showers of light.

But I know that we must sever,—
Break this love-born, heart-knit tie,
But our souls shall sunder—never—
Loved "my other self and I."s
Still those stars shine on above me,
Still the breezes murmur by,
Still so purely, truly love we,
Love "my other self and I."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ALMOST A HEROINE.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

Pretty Miss Anderson had just emerged from the petty thraldom of boarding school—that nursery of shallow affectation in which she had been taught waltzing, lacing, attention to externals, a moiety of French, fashionable piano thrumming, and a great deal of elegant frivolity. Common sense and the English language had been mutually neglected. Reading of the pseudo-sentimental stamp comprised her literature, and every pernicious habit and influence had combined to bury the one solitary talent which she by nature possessed.

From this hot-bed of folly, hallowed by fashion and parental delusion, issued Miss Anderson, at seventeen years and a month, full of foolish romance and artificial ideas of life, imbibed from mistaken training; and with a simper, and that species of uncertain carriage supposed to be elegant, she slid out, in the exact angle prescribed by Monsieur the French dancing master, and took her first step in the genteel world.

This first step, unfortunately, brought her in direct conjunction with an empty headed and empty pocketed young gentleman of the school denominated *fast*, who rejoiced in flashy waistcoats, broad plaids, and superlative lengths of galvanized chain. He swaggered at trotting-matches, staked at billiard-rooms, and ogled at theatres with the perfect sang-froid of the bravest, and yet, to make a disagreeable exposition of facts, his unfortunate pocket rarely boasted advance capital to the amount of a shilling, and many were the confiding landladies, tailors, and washerwomen, who had cause to deplore their too ready reliance upon his fair promises and prepossessing exterior.

This uncomfortable state of purse—this perpetual vexation of being "hard up," compelled our hero to look about him for some more settled and secure means of living than that for which he blessed luck at the gaming-table. On reflection, as nothing else seemed to indicate fairer for his future case, he resolved to purchase freedom from pecuniary annoyance at the altar—in other words, to marry some genteel estate in the country, or equally respectable establishment "up town" (no matter if encumbered by worse than Petruchio's shrew), which should enable him in future to carry his head above even high water mark; and to the accomplishment of this intent, he bent all his energies.

In an evil hour, his eye fell upon our languishing debutante, and he straightway proceeded to lay determined siege to her heart, having first ascertained satisfactorily that the "plum," which was authentically ascribed to the plethoric Capt. Jacob Anderson, her father, would eventually drop, ripe and plump, into her expectant lap; therefore it became at once his design to secure to himself this figurative receptacle of the golden favors which he felt would indeed prove to him the lap of fortune!

He found little labor in capturing the citadel of the young lady's affection. How should he—since there was no resistance, and he suddenly discovered himself master of the field without a struggle? "Lightly won, lightly prized," was the air of victory, whistle! carelessly between puffs of offensive smoke, as he resumed the jaunty tip of his hat and swaggering gait, which, out of fond consideration for his future prospects, he had forborne while playing the escort to the lovely Miss Anderson (feeling that, had not his present comet a golden tail in prospective, he would hurl it derisively back to the sky from which it had dropped, almost unsolicited, upon him); but a renewed pressure of the solitary sixpence in his attenuated pocket-book convinced him that he could not *afford* to indulge his very natural sentiments of disgust, and he prudently resolved to patronize the fortune which seemed thrusting itself upon him, and, if fate had determined to place him on the list of the uncomfortably rich, it could in no extremity be more inconvenient than his present condition of *opposite* uncomfortableness!

Upon this he paused, resigned, and allowed himself to dwell fondly upon the projected renewal and enlargement of his plaids, the widening of his weed, and the addition of a ponderous seal to his attractive chain, all of which, and many more shades of improvement, would attend like satellites upon his approaching change of station.

As he crept into his narrow attic, and bestowed himself under a dirty counterpane, still encased in coat and boots, he viewed his coming princeliness with the eye of anticipation, and gloated tipsily over the realization, for he could see no end of brandy smashes stretching away, steaming and hot, into the infinite distance!

As he attended Miss Anderson in her daily walks, doing the amiable with heroic grace, he reflected how rapidly they would resolve themselves into the one grand, crowning walk to church; and immediately his mouth watered with a foretaste of the rich old wines which would sparkle at the wedding banquet!

As he handed Miss Anderson to a seat in his phaeton (such occasions invariably denoted a successful night at the dice box!) ambition whispered rare prophecies of the splendid turnout which he would soon be able to display, to the astonishment of "the boys," and the envy of Tom, Dick and Harry, who now sported their respective nags, and looked with compassionate contempt upon his utter inability to retain possession of a fine trotter, purchased the season previous! Here a smart crack of the whip, of rather too professional a tone to be practised in the feminine presence, announced his exultation in view of such a triumph, while imagination even hinted at fancy stables and a stud!

As for the lady herself, who was destined to confer all these rational enlargements, she was too giddy with the consciousness of a real lover, and the rapture of being exalted to the position of an actual heroine of romance, to feel a suspicion that she could be second to anything else in the devotion of her adorer; and, as she had been schooled to believe herself created for the distinct purpose of being married, both appeared in a fair way to idolize each the darling project of their lives—she a husband, and he a fortune.

But the wooing did not prosper! Old Jacob Anderson was not the man to be deceived by false pretences; and when he surprised Mr. Emanuel Zephyr (so read our hero's card—pardon, reader, that we have so long neglected a nominal introduction) at his daughter's feet, he instantly expelled him from his house, with a peremptory command never to enter it again, and a timely warning never to dare the effrontery of another approach to his daughter!

Emanuel muttered extravagant curses upon the "meddlesome old cur," as he strode down the street, and Amantha Ann, in tears and despair retreated to her chamber, to pine in secret over her cruel fate, and meditate daggers and the poison-bowl—those tragic benefactors to love-lorn maidens oppressed by unrelenting fathers.

In the morning, however, as a billet from some mysterious source appeared attached to her window blinds, and on opening which she joyfully recognized the somewhat uncertain signature of her Emanuel, her feelings suddenly underwent a very material process of change, and she decided to live, for *his* sake, and trust to time for the abatement of the paternal severity! The note, written in the most impassioned style of superlatives, assured her in one breath that he could not tear her image from his soul—he could not exist without her; and in another, implored her to take pity on his breaking heart, and consent to see him once again, for the last time, if it must be so, that he might at least have the sad satisfaction of bidding her farewell; and ending by appointing a time and place of meeting in a very rational manner, and one chiefly accommodating her to hope for the best—all would yet be well!

Miss Anderson compared notes with a score of her favorite novels, whose Amantha Anns were cruelly placed in scenes of even direr tribulation than her own, and yet who invariably appeared upon the concluding page satisfactorily married, amicably reconciled to obdurate parents, and felicitously happy; and she could not fail to regard her lover's final assurance as prophetic. In the full strength of this confidence, she stole forth to the romantic clandestine meeting, which she was a little disappointed in being obliged to enjoy by gaslight, instead of the more appropriate rays of the tender moon universally accorded to such occasions.

Emanuel received her rapturously. Two or three turns up and down the retired street he had chosen, sufficed to unfold his plan of action, which was nothing less than the felonious design of carrying off the bride of his heart without the consent of her natural guardian (since it was folly to indulge a hope of obtaining it!) This added the final touch to Amantha Ann's cherished conviction that she was indeed a real heroine, and it was therefore jointly arranged that they should be prepared for flight on the following evening.

Emanuel, greatly solicitous of the paternal blessing (knowing that through this lay his only present means of paying his respects to the paternal coffers), charged her in advance with the doubtful embassy of conciliating the offended parental majesty, and obtaining the all-important pardon, as soon as they twain should have become one flesh—tenderly assuring her that he could not *live*, in a state of alienation from the father of his adored (thinking it unnecessary to reveal the reason *why!*) and laying to her vanity the flattering unction that the veriest heart of stone could not resist the eloquence of her entreaty, if she but besought with tears! This she determined to do.

"Papa cannot refuse his forgiveness when he sees how devotedly Emanuel loves me, and how noble and ingenuous he is." "The old bear wont hold out long when he finds the business is over," were the respective reflections of the ardent couple, as they parted lingeringly on a shady corner—he having first suggested and effected a very affectionate exchange of rings, which *might* have been premeditated on his part—hers being a real diamond, while his was merely a block of first water glass, in very suspicious cutting. At all events, it seemed a happy move for him, as an immediate disposal of it for genuine bank notes resulted in extreme repletion of purse, and great consequent self-indulgence, which, however, proved eventually very treacherous to his interest.

Miss Anderson's blissful visions of elopement were somewhat marred that night by the intrusion of a frightful monster, which appeared, with glaring eyes and savage teeth, to claim her in place of her darling Emanuel, and which finally resolved itself into a hideous dragon, and was on the terrible point of flaying her alive, and devouring her by inches, when she awoke in a cold perspiration, and found it was morning!

For a moment, her resolution to elope was a little shaken; but the reflection that this was the last great test of her affection, and especially that it was in itself the feather's weight which would turn the balance and place her beside the brilliant Paulines and Cynthia Elizabeths of pasteboard and muslin existence, overcame even her superstitions, and she was again firm. And arranging her wardrobe and collecting her jewels, as the Lady Blanche or the Countess of Blouse had done, on the day of flight with some chivalrous peasant or banished prince, she prepared to follow in their shining wake!

The appointed hour at length arrived, but Emanuel did not. Impatience gave way to fear in the mind of the watcher when an hour had expired, and yet he did not come; but at that very moment, had she possessed the Asmodean optical power of penetrating bricks and stone, she might have beheld him in one of the chief saloons of the city, tipping his glass with a very peculiar looking one eyed gentleman, whose intimacy he appeared to enjoy, and carelessly hazarding a fabulous bet on the result of the game then in hand, while the vicinity of corks and empty bottles indicated that they had already imbibed as much as was necessary for the stone's ache's sake! But this rare virtue of vision she could not command, and suspense was torture.

Two hours waned, during which the wretched Miss Anderson had passed through every successive stage of agony up to the final point of despair. Meanwhile Emanuel was making many attempts to ascend the genteel street which contained the imposing "stone front" of his future father in law, and which treacherously rose before him in continuous steps, upon which, if he set his uncertain feet, they immediately vanished into thin air—bringing him in contact with an opposing lamp-post on one hand, or a stubborn brick wall on the other, with a violence proportional to the height of the step he attempted.

Reaching the house at last, which stood a little isolated from its neighbors in solitary grandeur, he staggered to the wall, and essayed the preconcerted signal upon the lady's chamber-window swaying in the second story. In a state of sobriety, this might have been safely attempted, as our hero had himself satisfactorily tested; but now, alas, at every fresh effort, the fickle window eluded his reach—now mounting to the extreme angle of the pointed gables, now playing undignified antics across the grave expanse of brick, and now indulging in animated hide-and-seek among its lively fellows!

But Emanuel still persevered, with a misty consciousness that fortune, fast horses, and an infinitude of champagne bottles waited upon a successful tap of the flighty casement. His steadfastness was rewarded, for at length the giddy object of his pursuit inclined to something like its proper position, and he instantly made a rapid plunge forward, with a triumphant "Hie—old fellow, I—have you now!" But the deceitful window played him false—his hands slipped from their straining grasp upon the naked wall, precipitating him, with a terrific crash, headlong through a lower casement, against which he had unwittingly leaned.

In his rapid descent into the interior, he was thrown in painful contact with some resisting substance, which subsequent revelations proved to be the depository of the family silver, with an alarm-bell attached, which immediately sounded a sonorous peal that might have awakened the dead—throwing our hero into a state of doubt as to whether he had not suddenly fallen upon the deck of some steamer outward bound, just thundering forth its brazen note of departure!

"*My plate! my plate! thieves! thieves!*" roared the frantic voice of the excited captain, from the parlor above—rolling his vast rotundity from a comfortable position upon his favorite sofa, and shuffling as rapidly as possible to the scene of action, heading a promiscuous group from the region of the kitchen, armed with pokers, carving-knives, or whatever description of weapon could be soonest secured.

Rushing down upon the fated door, they forced an unanimous entrance; and the light of the foremost taper discovered the supposed burglar bungling and groping, with the utmost drunken gravity, for the delusive window—the scene of his late disastrous ingress—through which he no doubt meditated a safe retreat.

"Seize him—blind him—call the police!" shouted the infuriated proprietor of the astonished treasure. "I'll teach you the cost of invading *my* premises, you house-breaking rascal!" was the parting assurance, as Emanuel, pinioned and guarded, was dragged away in speechless terror.

Amantha Ann was discovered to have fainted, and was conveyed insensible to her chamber—in which state she found it proper to remain during the entire night. She subsequently revived, however, to learn by the evening paper that one Emanuel Zephyr was that morning examined before the police court, and convicted on the double charge of drunkenness and attempted burglary—and again relapsed into insensibility. She eventually returned to a permanent state of consciousness, and begged to be permitted to share her dear unfortunate Emanuel's captivity; but as this touching request was not granted, she subsided into a gentle melancholy, passed her time in solitude, and was observed to walk often along the smooth borders of the Frog Pond, with no apparent object, gazing intently into it.

As she continued to survive, however, alarm for her safety abated, and in proportion as this anxiety decreased, her former habits resumed their ascendancy. True, Miss Anderson had romantically resolved to cling to her lover through evil and good report, bravely performing various vows to this effect; but on reflection, finding that none of her approved heroes were convicted of the grossness of drunkenness, she finally abandoned him to his convict dress and prison fare, in place of ideal plaids and fancy wines, and consoled herself with a more respectable, but not more disinterested suitor, who happily met the entire approbation of the eccentric Captain Anderson, and who ultimately succeeded to the care of his treasury, and assumed the control of his deposits and percentage.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Rue de la Paix.
May 15, 1850.

M. M. Ballou:—My dear Sir,—A casual glimpse of a copy of your paper at Galignani's, this morning, reminded me that I had contributed in the shape of a broken promise—alas! but the only one—to the macadamization of the pavement of the Hall of Exits, and I have accordingly borrowed a stool and a sheet of paper at a friend's to redeem, in some sort, my inconsiderate pledge on parting. I have not written for want of topics, but in this bewildering, brilliant, fascinating city, the trouble is the plethora of subjects—*Embarras des richesses*, as the natives here call it. If you ever come here—as you doubtless will—let me advise you, as a friend, to plan out your campaign beforehand. Don't trust to chance, or to that most bewildering of blind and interested guides, a *valet de place*. You must decide what to see, and proportion your time accordingly, which you can do much better at home than after you have launched on the turbulent sea of this distracted city life.

We are beginning to have fine weather, after a spring nearly as trying as a Boston one. It rained at the festival of Longchamps—it rained at the races of La Manche—half a dozen brilliant fetes were spoiled by the perversity of the clerk of the weather, who would not "call at the captain's office and *settle*;" but now we are fairly lanched on our vernal career. One can sit in his chair at the door of his *cafe* on the Boulevard des Italiens, and watch the brilliant tide of life flowing past—a dozen Broadways fused together—without fear of rheumatism or neuralgia.

Of course you knew long ago that "all France had got a baby." I say all France, for the emperor terms the prince imperial the child of the nation. Poor little fellow! he sleeps in a golden cradle presented him by the city of Paris, and costing I don't know how many millions of francs, unconscious as yet of the hopes and fears that cluster round his baby head. People mentally recall the promise and the fate of the King of Rome, Napoleon le Grand's son and heir; but they don't speak about it, or at least don't write and print anything about it, for the press here is more completely muzzled and gagged than it was under the first empire. The independence of the Belgian press, so near to Paris, causes much annoyance to our worthy emperor, and strenuous efforts will be made to reduce that to subjection. The plain speaking of the English journals is also a source of disquietude to Master Louis, for they are not all infected with the flunkeyism and toadyism that has seized on English journalism since the alliance. Though the police keep a strict watch over these free spoken prints, and occasionally seize a batch of them at Calais or Boulogne, still many copies find their way to Paris, and are sought after with the avidity that characterizes the appetite for stolen fruit. Among educated men, the English language is almost universally cultivated; and a liberal can have no greater treat than a copy of an English paper. There is a deep undercurrent of political discontent here, though the expression of anti-Napoleonic sentiments is dangerous even among intimates. No one knows when and where he is free from the watch of a paid spy.

I have donned the Parisian costume, and am trying to catch the Parisian accent—a very hard matter, by the way. And this reminds me of an anecdote I heard the other day. A family party from Marseilles, father, mother and daughter, attired in the height of fashion, were seated in one of the public gardens. The father expatiated on the influence of railroads. "Now," said he, "we can keep pace with the Paris fashions, and nobody can tell us from Parisians." Soon after he rose and walked, with his family, along one of the alleys. A couple of Parisian *flaneurs* passed them, and one of them, with a shrug of the shoulder, glancing at our friends, said audibly: "Provincials, of course—how soon you can tell them."

I have been to see Ristori, the rival of Rachel, and I have survived to tell of it. A Frenchman told me that I should be so excited that I could not sleep after it. No such thing. Though I saw her in Medea, one of her greatest parts, I was not inexpressibly delighted with her. She is very *stagey*. Her attitudes, her strides, her sudden shifts from a high to a low key in speaking, her growls, shrieks and starts, are all conventional. Then she is thin, and has not Rachel's art to conceal her meagreness. Rachel has not re-appeared upon the American *fiasco*. Beauvallet, one of the Rachel troupe, has been publishing his reminiscences of the transatlantic campaign in the "Figaro," and a more stupid, mendacious mass of stuff I never waded through.

If you are smitten with military ardor, by all means come to Paris. The review by the emperor, of 60,000 troops, was magnificent. But if you wish to see the reverse of the medal, go with me to the Invalides, and contemplate those fragmentary memorials of the horrors of war, in the shape of mutilated soldiers, or mark the crippled Crimean heroes in the streets, and you will experience a decidedly cooling sensation. But I have come to the end of my letter, and have not the courage to commence another sheet. You may hear from me again—but no more promises. Adieu! *Tout a vous.*

Charnion.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A GOOD NAME.

BY MARTHA W. CANTON.

Some speak of riches and their worth,
And some of lofty fame;
But still, of all earth's precious stores,
Give me a bright, good name.

Give me a name, though adverse winds
Howl loudly round my head,
That will not die when I am gone,
But still an influence shed.

Give me a name that cannot die,
When I am laid to rest
Upon our common mother Earth's
Cold, damp, and cheerless breast.

A name that all will loudly praise,
A name that all can love;
One that will brightly shine on earth,
And brighter grow above.

When I shall sleep within the tomb,
O, may my name remain;
And oft be spoken of by friends,
As one without a stain.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE BROTHERS.

BY EUSTACE KINGMAN.

John and Bertrand Scott were brothers in name and by birth; but no two strangers coming from opposite parts of the earth, could have been more different. John was a wild, restless, daring fellow; full of life and spirit, yet, with a woman's tenderness in his heart. He went through the world, sowing his gifts of cheerfulness, love and benevolence broadcast. Halleck's lines describe him best:

"A kind, true heart—a spirit high,
That could not brook and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye,
And on his manly brow.
Strong sense—deep feeling—passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right—a scorn of wrong;
Of coward and of slave."

Bertrand Scott was the reverse of all this. He was mean, vicious and creeping. Always in sanctimonious garb, and with sanctimonious face, and a quiet, stealthy pace, that came upon your most secret and sacred hours, his sleek, black garb suggested the idea of a great, shining, black beetle, of that sort which you cannot kill without treading upon them. At school he was the one who won all the boy's marbles, and in the endless "swapping" of knives and playthings, Bertrand, somehow, always came off best. Still as he was never known to fight, nor to be recognized openly in a quarrel, it was not easy to fix a dishonorable character upon him; while John's impetuous spirit was ever offending and yet ever forgiving and forgiven. For boys intuitively love and honor a generous nature; and they felt the difference between John's *heartiness*—yes, that is the word, no other describes it—his heartsome ways, and Bertrand's fawning and creeping manner, long before they could analyze their characters, and make the distinction in words.

When they left college, John decided to become a physician, and Bertrand a merchant. Each seemed instinctively to grasp the mode of life which would best develop their innermost qualities; and each carried out in his professional or mercantile life the promise which the boy and the youth had successively given.

When mere boys, at school, both had liked best a gentle little girl, Anne Avelin, who was a great favorite in school, from her lovely and amiable disposition. She was not handsome, nor strikingly interesting even. She was merely sweet and good, and made every one love her by her uniform self-abnegation, and her desire to please.

Too gentle to dislike any one, Bertrand found it very easy to persuade Anne that he was one of the most perfect youths of his time; and although she preferred John's open ways and blunter speech to Bertrand's smooth and specious words, yet she did not suspect that a bad heart lay under that smooth and sleek exterior.

We believe in the dignity of human nature, until we wake up to some deception practised towards ourselves. It is a part of almost every person's youthful creed; a beautiful illusion which it would be pleasant to retain through life; a thing to which we build monuments, and plant statues, or set them upon pedestals; and by-and-by we go and sit down at the base, and weep bitterly over the fall of the hero or the demigod, which our own hands raised.

Anne was some years in finding out how far *her* statue was from perfection; and when she did discover it, it was too late. She was vowed to its worship for life! She was married to Bertrand Scott. And for him, she had slighted John's great and noble heart, which had beat for her alone, from the time when he lifted her over the streams and brooks, and gathered the violets for her, in fields that were purple with them now, in his memory!

Bertrand knew it all the while. He knew that John would have died for the gentle Anne, whose presence in a home he would have thought so inexpressibly dear, and whose life he had already hoped would flow side by side with his own. Yes, Bertrand knew this, and more. He knew that Anne loved John best, in her inmost heart; and he knew, also, that it was a suspicion of something wrong in John, which he himself had planted in her mind, that closed her heart against that large and noble nature and made her speak words that grieved and surprised John beyond measure. He had thought that Anne loved him, in her quiet, calm way, just as he had always hoped that a wife would love him, softening down the angles of his own restless nature, and refreshing his senses with the simplicity and beauty of her own.

How well he bore the disappointment, may be inferred from the fact, that Dr. Scott remained unmarried. He had thought of going away to a distant town; but he had too many friends at Ludlow, to permit him to carry such a plan into operation; so taking an office at a long distance from Bertrand's habitation, he sat down before his solitary fire, and gave his first and last tear to the remembrance of Anne Avelin.

His door opened softly, and Bertrand, with the cat-like tread which distinguished him, entered. His coming on that evening, was peculiarly annoying to John. He could hardly touch the hand which his brother extended; and he pretended to be studying from a book which he held in his hand; then, ashamed of even that small subterfuge, he flung it on the floor with a violence that made Bertrand cower away from him.

"My dear John," he said, "you are so very startling in your movements—I came in to ask you what provision you had made for our father. Can you have him under your care? Are you going to keep house?"

John eyed him for a moment, almost fiercely.

"Father in need of a home, Bertrand! Is not the house in which you live, my father's house? Can he not live in his own house, or do I understand you rightly, that he seeks to change?"

"Don't ask so many questions at a time, John, please. The fact is, that father—in short, he has been in want of money, and I have advanced it from time to time, until—until the house is all that I have to show for my liberality."

John looked at him until he was evidently disconcerted under the gaze. Bertrand resumed:

"You see, John, that I need to make some alterations in the house, to suit my present means of living—not that I really make money—I don't wish to have you to think so—but you know a great deal depends in mercantile life, on making a show. Now here are you, happy dog that you are," and he affected a laugh, "can sit here unmolested, and make money without spending it."

"And can, therefore, take my dear old father into my kennel, you think, do you?"

Bertrand quailed again. He was decidedly opposed to John's taking this view of the matter. "It was not convenient for him to allow separate apartments for his father," he said, "and he needed all the room for new improvements, and in short—"

"In short, you are a knave!' exclaimed John.

Bertrand started, for his own deeds had not yet assumed quite that color in his own mind. John was so abrupt! Really he wished that he would try to be more considerate of his friends' feelings. And he was so truly fearful that his startling manner would be a bar to his practice.

Bertrand had mounted his old hobby of disinterested friendship again. He had won his wife by it—he now hoped to gain a home for his father, by parading it before John. As well might the slimy sea-weed that crawls at the foot of the great rock of Gibraltar seek to draw the rock into the ocean depths, as for him to influence a nature like John's.

"I can make you no reply, Bertrand, until I have seen father. I will then see you together, and arrange some plan. I have an engagement, now," he continued, looking at his watch.

"O, I do not think, really, John, that it will do for you to name anything of the kind to father. He is very nervous and irritable. He needs your medical aid. I do think, brother, that you ought to get married and take him home, where you can watch his disorder."

"And you have chosen the time when he was ill and disturbed, to take his home from him, and turn him out of doors!"

"Dear John, do not be so absurd. Anne is not well, and it must be unpleasant, you know, for father to be smoking in the house; and—"

"Leave me!" said John; and Bertrand did not wait a second bidding. *That* voice meant something more than met the ear.

The next day, Mr. Scott, against Bertrand's express command, visited John alone in his office. It seemed that he had been inveigled into buying shares in an imaginary stock company, and had been induced to suppose that Bertrand had stood between him and certain ruin, on account of this very transaction. Under this impression, and grateful to his son for securing him against destruction, he had thought it a light compensation, to sign the deeds which gave Bertrand all his property. The house Bertrand had appropriated to his own use, the rest of the property was invested in his business; and his father stood a penniless and heart-broken man. Bertrand's wife was kind and affectionate to Mr. Scott, but her husband did not like to see the old father whom he had injured; and he would like better that he should be with John. He told Anne that it was the wish of his father and brother to be together, and Anne acceded, though feeling deeply hurt that she was not permitted to administer to his declining age.

Dr. John thought long and deeply upon this double instance of Bertrand's duplicity. The thought of Anne sacrificed to this selfish being, was torture enough; but when his poor old father was immolated, too, upon the same dark shrine, and his own expectations cut off, to feed his avarice, he could not bear it.

And yet there was no remedy but patience; for his father's own hand had signed the deeds, and he could not by any alchemy be turned into an insane man, although a highly injured one. So, at present, the doctor contented himself with finding a pleasant and cheerful boarding-house for his father, and trying to believe that sometime or other, the brave knight will appear, who is to

"——ride through the hills,
To the wide world part the river,
There to put away all wrong;
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along."

Mr. Scott murmured a little, at first, at the change, for he had become so accustomed to Anne's little attentions, that he knew not how to dispense with them. But he soon became reconciled, when his landlady's sister, a bright-eyed widow, took upon herself the charge of waiting upon him.

At first, John had insisted, as a matter of common justice to himself, that Bertrand should unite in paying his father's board; but after awhile, even that was denied, and the whole expense fell upon the elder brother.

John had never seen Anne, since the day on which she refused him. He *could* not see her married, and afterwards it was not easy to make the first visit at her house. Bertrand, too, had chosen to employ another physician, and that circumstance, of course, precluded him from visiting there. He sometimes heard of Anne, as being ill and low-spirited; but it was from strangers, not Bertrand, that he heard it, and the brothers now passed each other in the street without speaking.

Bertrand had made his improvements in the house, had furnished it magnificently, and was now preparing to give a party, the costly elegance of which should astonish every one.

Many were invited who did not even know the Scotts by sight. Others who knew and respected John, went from regard to him, not dreaming of the rupture between the brothers. A few old, retired merchants, who received cards for themselves and families, concluded to go because their young people would enjoy it, and *they* could have a nice chat with their old friend, Mr. Scott. So Bertrand Scott succeeded in astonishing them, but not exactly in the way that he expected. Champagne, velvet carpets, gas-lights and oyster patties were not things to astonish these people; except that some of them wondered if Bertrand Scott wasn't going to fail. "If I had a look like it," said the old stagers who know how these things are done.

Anne moved about in her half-sad, quiet way, wishing that her father-in-law and John were there to help her entertain those dreadful people. She, poor child, knew nothing of the late difference. Even Mr. Scott's going away was represented by her husband as an act of his father's own seeking; and Anne had grieved that the dear old man could not make himself happy with her, when she loved him so much.

Bertrand did not fail, however. He went on, accumulating his thousands, while John was slowly, but surely, working his way to distinction, if not to wealth. His thorough attention to business, never being absent from his office unless obliged to leave it, drew the attentive regard towards him of certain ancient families, whose physician having lately died, they were desirous of replacing him by the best in practice; and Dr. Scott soon found himself feeling aristocratic pulses, and prescribing for aristocratic nerves.

Once there, in the bosom of this charmed circle, his fortune was made. One thing was wanting, however, as the lady of the honorable Mr. Wise told him—and that was a wife. The lady had two daughters past thirty. They would not have refused the doctor, now, but in their youth, those men who would have liked them, were kept off by their fear of refusal; for great and powerful Mr. Wise could not be approached by common suitors for his stately daughters. So they let their "young affections run to waste," enclosed them with an iron fence of pride, and at thirty, they dropped all the music, and poetry, and romance of life, and became eager seekers after society and scandal, and encouraged the attentions of those whom once they would not have thought worthy to touch the tips of their aristocratic fingers.

The lady's remark *did* rouse John, but not exactly as she intended. It made him look in oftener upon one of his patients, a cross, irritable old gentleman, whose gout was at times unbearable to himself, and whose temper was always unbearable to others. When in his worst fits, he abused everybody, the doctor and all. All except his daughter. Her cheerful way of talking to him, her constant, unvarying care of him through his spasms, and her bright, smiling face, and ready, willing hand, were all too valuable to him, to have him chase her from the room as he did every one else.

Charlotte Lester was blessed with strong health, strong nerves, a strong constitution and a strong mind. She had none of the nervous attacks which characterize a fine lady. Not that she did not take thought and care for her health; and she was worth all the care which she took of herself. She was not one of that class that wear paper shoes, and dance till morning, and eat oyster suppers at all hours of the night, and lie in bed all day afterwards. She knew the value of her health, and she preserved it as one would a precious jewel. Almost all the young ladies round had been ill, and called in Doctor Scott; Charlotte had never been able to get up even an influenza for the purpose.

But her father was taken ill; and insisted on sending for the new doctor; and Charlotte's heart beat a little quicker than its wonted tone, when, day after day, the manly and noble form of John Scott brought a light and beauty into her father's sick room. She listened to his finely toned voice, as it poured forth a full stream of conversation, that kept the sufferer from even thinking of his pains, for hours together. She looked at his broad, open brow, his cheek brown with exercise in the open air, and the heavy waves of dark hair which shaded his temples. She looked still more at those great brown eyes, so sparkling, yet so soft in their expression—and there! we might as well tell the whole truth—Charlotte loved the doctor, before he—indifferent old bachelor that he was—before he ever thought of her.

She loved him, but she did not pine nor grow pale. She did not write poetry, nor talk to the stars. That might be the natural and inevitable expression of some hearts, but it was not hers. She dressed her hair as tastefully as ever, wore her most becoming gowns, and was as bright, as rosy and as cheerful as her nature dictated.

But all the time, like Desdemona, she could not help wishing that "Heaven had made her such a man," as Doctor John; and yet she treated him as frankly as if no such wish had ever entered her heart. It was not in John Scott's nature, however, to watch such a woman long, without acknowledging her worth; and by-and-by, he become suddenly aware that she blushed deeply, whenever he entered the room. He thought how handsome it made her rather plain face, and what a sweet expression, after all, there was on that plain face. John *had* been a worshipper of beautiful faces; but Charlotte Lester's face had something above beauty.

He went oftener after this, indeed Mr. Lester could not do without him; and one day, when the patient was asleep, the doctor and nurse entered into a mutual engagement to unite their services; and when he awoke it was to find that he had a son added to his family, if he chose to consider him as such. Mr. Lester was so happy that he forgot his gout for the rest of the day; and Charlotte looked perfectly radiant.

It was arranged that Mr. Scott and Mr. Lester were to occupy apartments in the house that was now to be the doctor's home. Each of the fathers was to have his own separate man-servant, and to be perfectly independent of the family. It was Charlotte's plan, and was quite successful. The two old gentlemen thus preserved the greatest possible freedom in all their arrangements, and left the rest of the family equally so in their own. How happy was Mr. Scott, to find himself once more in a home. Charlotte's attention to him was her crowning perfection in her husband's eyes, and even her own father, exacting as he was, was pleased to see her ministering kindly to his old friend.

Alas, for poor little Anne Avelin! She found, too late, that her choice had been a fatal one for her own happiness. There was a heavy failure, a violent, self inflicted death, and then Bertrand's name was spoken of no more. Anne found a home with the doctor, where he and Charlotte gave all the consolation which their tender hearts could suggest; and in time her tears were dried. She has found a new home with one whom she thinks has no equal except Dr. John.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LETTER NO. IV.

Warwick, England, May 10, 1856.

Mr. Ballou:—Dear Sir,—we have left London, as you see, with its labyrinths of streets, and its busy multitudes, far behind us. One can see all that is really worth visiting in London in a month, that is, if one is industrious. We were really tired of it, and the shrill little screech of the engine that was to take us away, was a welcome sound. Then, too, our route was towards Liverpool, and we could easily imagine that we were "homeward bound." Still, we were quite ready to linger in this classic region, and tread with our own feet upon the soil famous for centuries as the birthplace of heroes.

A short ride from London brought us to the little village of Tring, a most delightfully quiet spot, where we stopped for a while. In the distance we saw the monument to the Duke of Marlborough, with its towering pyramid standing out boldly against the sky. After a long ramble among the fields, we returned to the station to wait for the train. While we were waiting there, a lady attempted to cross the track, but was ordered back by the police-man, rather peremptorily, saying that an express train was expected, and no one would be allowed to step on the track. Presently it whizzed by, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, a speed almost frightful, and I no longer thought the regulation unnecessary. The very first paper I took up after we reached Warwick, contained the account of the shocking death of two women, killed while crossing the track at a station. We stopped at Rugby for a late dinner, and a most excellent one it was, though only ten minutes in preparation after we called for it. An officious old servant waited upon us when we first sat down, after which we dispensed with his services. Upon coming away, D. called for his bill and the same old waiter presented it. The charge was certainly not outrageous, but sufficient to cover all the items. D. handed him a gold piece which was a little too much, and waited for the change. The old fellow stood irresolute for an instant, as if something was wrong, and then remarked, bluntly, that that was rather a small fee for his services! D. had entirely forgotten the English fee system, but he handed him a coin which remedied the difficulty instantly. This custom of feeing servants at hotels is universal in England, and to an American traveller, who is in the habit of finding all "*et cetera*" included in his bill, it is not a little annoying.

Two miles from Warwick we left the train, and took a carriage to the town. A short but very pleasant drive brought us to the gate of the city, an ancient-looking arch, and a remnant of the old wall of the feudal ages. We entered, and were immediately riding through the principal street of one of the oldest towns in the kingdom. Its foundation gives to Warwick a name and place, in the time of the Romans. Some, indeed state that the Romans had a fortress here, and that a cohort of cavalry was placed here under command of a Roman general. But it is certain that the town was destroyed by the Danes, and rebuilt soon afterwards, under the especial direction of Ethelfleda, the accomplished daughter of Alfred the Great. She, also, in the year 915, laid the foundation of the castle, whose ivy-crowned towers are still the wonder and admiration of its innumerable visitors. After this the town and castle were nearly destroyed by the incursion of the Danes under Canute, in 1016. They soon arose from the ruins, and at the time of the writing of the "Doomsday Book," Warwick contained 261 houses, and was, with its castle, a place of much importance. It has been inhabited by successive earls, whose warlike achievements have been celebrated in song and story, history and romance, for centuries.

We tried in vain to realize, as we rode along the quaint old street, with its narrow pavements, and close built lines of houses, that we were really ourselves, and not our ghosts, "revisiting the glimpses of the moon," for the sun had long since hid himself in the cloudy west, and shadows were long and dark in the almost faded twilight. The streets were quiet, and seemed deserted, and as we stood upon the steps of our hotel, listening to the sound of the wheels dying away in the distance, till all was still, it seemed as if some spell were upon the city. It was broken by the chiming of bells in the church-tower close by, which was the first sign of life we had witnessed. However, we rested well, undisturbed by spirits or bad dreams, and a walk the next day through the town, convinced us that there were still inhabitants, though there seemed not half enough for the houses.

We have taken lodgings for several weeks, and intend to become well acquainted with the celebrities of the vicinity, Warwick Castle, Kenilworth Ruins, Straiford on Avon, and others. Everything about the town is different from any place I have yet visited in England. The houses, except a few modern ones, are curiously built, in the oddest fashion, and many of them have windows of little panes of glass, two inches square, in sashes of lead. The yards are all surrounded by thick stone walls, from ten to twelve feet high, so that the street presents only one unvaried line of wall. There are no trees except in one or two parks, belonging to gentlemen's residences, and the gardens being all shut in, the town has a very uninviting appearance, the only flowers I have seen were a few growing on the top of a wall, several feet above my head. The castle stands near us, but it is surrounded by a high wall, so that only the towers are visible, and as we have not yet visited it, we have not much idea of it.

There are plenty of shops, but they seem not to have customers, that we can discover, for we have walked a mile through the streets, and not met a dozen persons. Only now and then a cab or a fine carriage rolls past our window. To-morrow, however, is market day, and I suppose that we shall find that it is the great day for business.

The only inconvenience which we suffer is on account of the miserable water of the place. It is perfectly unpalatable; we cannot even drink tea made from it. The inhabitants universally drink beer or ale, even down to children a year old! Not having been brought up in that way ourselves, we do not find it altogether agreeable, though D. is more inclined to be pleased than we ladies. We are obliged to drink rain water or nothing. Yours truly. J. P. B.

DIVISION OF LABOR.

Mr. Osler, an English manufacturer of Birmingham, some years ago, addressing a committee of the House of Commons upon the subject of his beads and trinkets, said: "On my first journey to London, a respectable looking man in the city asked me if I could supply him with dolls' eyes; and I was foolish enough to feel half offended. I thought it derogatory to my new dignity as a manufacturer to make dolls' eyes. He took me into a room quite as wide and perhaps twice the length of this room (one of the large rooms for committees in the House of Commons), and we had just room to walk between stacks, from the floor to the ceiling, of parts of dolls. He said, 'These are only the legs and arms—the trunks are below.' But I saw enough to convince me that he wanted a great many eyes; and as the article appeared quite in my own line of business, I said I would take an order by way of experiment; and he showed me several specimens. I copied the order. He ordered various quantities, and of various sizes and qualities. On returning to my hotel, I found that the order amounted to upwards of two thousand dollars."

Mr. Osler tells this story to show the importance of trifles. The making of dolls' eyes afforded subsistence to many ingenious workmen in glass toys; and in the same way the most minute and apparently insignificant article of general use, when rendered cheap by chemical science or machinery, produces a return of many thousand pounds, and sets in motion labor and laborers. Without the science and the machinery, which render the article cheap, the laborers would have no employ, for the article would not have been consumed. What a pretty article is a common tobacco pipe, of which millions are used! It is made cheap and beautiful in a mold—a machine for copying pipes. If the pipe was made without the mold, and other contrivances, it would cost a shilling instead of a cent; the tobacco-smoker would go without his pipe, and the pipe-maker without his employment.—*Knowledge is Power.*

News Glances.

A Fast Woman.—A woman sometime since arrived in Charlottsville, Va., pretending to be a rich widow, who owned one farm in Mississippi and another in Missouri, and having successfully practised upon the credulity of the merchants of that place, made accounts to the amount $3,000 and "sloped," leaving the kind merchants in the vocative.

Smuggling Silk.—A suit in Liverpool has developed some interesting facts concerning the smuggling of silks into this country. A firm in Liverpool were desirous of exporting silk goods to New York, and entered into business relations with a number of parties to evade the laws of the United States and smuggle them in in hampers, with the connivance of the ship's officers.

Wooden Ware.—The town of Winchendon, in this State, is more largely engaged in the manufacture of wooden ware than any other place in the country. They furnish annually 1,560,000 pails, 240,000 tubs, 15,000 churns, and 1,000,000 toy pails, that have a total value of $360,000, or $1000 a day, including Sundays, through the year.

Church Going.—In London, out of a population of two and a half millions, only five hundred thousand attend church. In Liverpool the proportion is about one third of the population. The case seems to be pretty much the same in all great cities.

American Genius.—A six-cylinder lightning printing press was shipped from New York lately by the Messrs. Hoe & Co., for Lloyd's Weekly, a London paper. It was the largest press ever made by Messrs. Hoe & Co.

Britannia Metal.—Articles made of Britannia metal should be first rubbed gently with a woolen cloth and sweet oil, and then washed in warm suds and rubbed with leather and whiting. Thus treated it will retain its beauty to the last.

Mining.—Dr. Brandreth proposes to work a silver mine which exists in the grounds of the Sing-Sing prison, New York, provided the government will give him a fifty years' lease.

The Indians.—Gen. Harney's valor and diplomacy have produced the most decisive results in the Indian campaign. He is the very man to deal with the red skins.

Coronation.—The emperor of Russia intends to be crowned during the present summer. The ceremony will be an imposing one.

Locomotion.—In New York there are twenty four different lines of omnibusses, and five lines of city railroad, all doing a good business.

The Bath.—Dr. Hall is inflexibly opposed to cold water bathing and hard water. Shuddering hydropathists must regard him as a heretic.

THE FLAG OF OUR U

MATURIN M. BALLOU
EDITOR AND PROPRIE

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"POOR JOHN FITCH."

To Robert Fulton belongs the hi rendering the application of steam t ment of vessels practically useful, therefore fairly earned the immorta shrines his name. But in the gl upon his success, we should not who made resolute and intelligen in the same direction, and who app out reaching the goal. Few gre are the growth of a particular pe the roots extend far back into pre Among the most noteworthy exp steam navigation, was John Fitch, of his singular mechanical abilitie general powers of mind, is almo except by those interested in the hi inventions.

His life story is a perfect roman ended throughout with sad shadow chequered by a solitary ray of s MS. autobiography is in possession lin Library of Philadelphia, to whi bequeathed it, with directions for sealed and perused thirty years —conditions faithfully complied wi ord is that of an unlettered but s man, and appeals eloquently to ou and feelings.

Fitch was born on the line betw and Windsor, Conn., Jan'y 21, 17 His father was a prosperous farme to have been a hard, avaricious, narrow minded man. He was im preciating the talents of his son, a through a series of desperate stru count of which is extremely pain succeeded in acquiring a knowled matic, mensuration, geography an He lost his mother at an early a treated by the two clockmakers, to successively apprenticed; he was b successful in the little branches c attempted on his own account, an series of domestic troubles, the un of the woman he married in 17 him to abandon her after living w or two. This event caused him g he was compelled to leave a c "loved as dear as himself." Wh subsequently overtook this wom marks, "Could I have foreseen it, have abandoned her, but have c worry through life as well as I m

When the Revolution broke e braced the popular cause, and w employed in repairing arms for t army. He subsequently removed where he received the appointme While at the West he was capt dians, and suffered great hardshi release, he removed to one of the It was in 1785 that he began to steam navigation—and was of c to be insane. However, he pers found patrons; obtained in 1788 a application of steam to navigatio pany was formed under his variou His boat, which was equipped wi each side, instead of paddle whe by a horizontal engine, was tri phia, and moved at the rate of hour in slack water. It afterwar miles a day. But all the hopes were blasted. The company b aged and refused to advance fund no favor or aid in Europe, whithe invention, returned destitute, and Kentucky, in 1796, struggling possession of lands he had purch veyor. He was buried, according on the banks of the Ohio, "wh the boatmen would enliven the resting place, and the music of soothe his spirit."

In 1792 he had written to Mr regard to steam vessels: "This mode of crossing the Atlantic in bring it to perfection or not, armed vessels." "The day will in his journal, "when some mor will get fame and riches from m nobody will believe that poor Jo anything worthy of attention." some wealthy American, engage (George Law, for instance), give class ocean steamship that he t of John Fitch!

The oldest Ship.—The Maria, of New Bedford, still is was the first ship that hoisted th in the Atlantic at the close of She is still staunch, sound and s

Poor Turkey.—The Turks was right when, in speaking of th allies on his country, he said, " of the old fable of the horse, the league with man to be avenged

Notes.—Mrs. Stephens, auth ion and Famine," is engaged novel, to be called "Mary,"—

The greatest name to mere

France.—The French really easy, expensive though it is to live on, and have got used to

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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"POOR JOHN FITCH."

To Robert Fulton belongs the high honor of rendering the application of steam to the movement of vessels practically useful, and he has therefore fairly earned the immortality that enshrines his name. But in the glory attendant upon his success, we should not forget those who made resolute and intelligent movements in the same direction, and who approached without reaching the goal. Few great inventions are the growth of a particular point of time—the roots extend far back into preceding years. Among the most noteworthy experimenters in steam navigation, was John Fitch, who, in spite of his singular mechanical abilities, and strong general powers of mind, is almost forgotten, except by those interested in the history of great inventions.

His life story is a perfect romance; but darkened throughout with sad shadows, almost unchequered by a solitary ray of sunshine. His MS. autobiography is in possession of the Franklin Library of Philadelphia, to which society he bequeathed it, with directions for its being unsealed and perused thirty years after his death—conditions faithfully complied with. The record is that of an unlettered but strong-minded man, and appeals eloquently to our sympathies and feelings.

Fitch was born on the line between Hartford and Windsor, Conn., Jan'y 21, 1743 (old style). His father was a prosperous farmer, but appears to have been a hard, avaricious, bigoted and narrow minded man. He was incapable of appreciating the talents of his son, and it was only through a series of desperate struggles, the account of which is extremely painful, that John succeeded in acquiring a knowledge of arithmetic, mensuration, geography and mechanics. He lost his mother at an early age; he was ill treated by the two clockmakers, to whom he was successively apprenticed; he was but moderately successful in the little branches of business he attempted on his own account, and to crown his series of domestic troubles, the unhappy temper of the woman he married in 1767, compelled him to abandon her after living with her a year or two. This event caused him great grief; for he was compelled to leave a child whom he "loved as dear as himself." When misfortune subsequently overtook this woman, Fitch remarks, "Could I have foreseen it, I never should have abandoned her, but have endeavored to worry through life as well as I might."

When the Revolution broke out, Fitch embraced the popular cause, and was for a time employed in repairing arms for the continental army. He subsequently removed to Kentucky, where he received the appointment of surveyor. While at the West he was captured by the Indians, and suffered great hardships. After his release, he removed to one of the Atlantic States. It was in 1785 that he began to experiment on steam navigation—and was of course supposed to be insane. However, he persevered; finally found patrons; obtained in 1788 a patent for the application of steam to navigation, and a company was formed under his various State rights. His boat, which was equipped with six oars on each side, instead of paddle wheels, and moved by a horizontal engine, was tried at Philadelphia, and moved at the rate of eight miles an hour in slack water. It afterwards went eighty miles a day. But all the hopes of the inventor were blasted. The company became discouraged and refused to advance funds. Fitch found no favor or aid in Europe, whither he carried his invention, returned destitute, and finally died in Kentucky, in 1796, struggling to obtain legal possession of lands he had purchased when surveyor. He was buried, according to his request, on the banks of the Ohio, "where the song of the boatmen would enliven the stillness of his resting place, and the *music of the steam engine* soothe his spirit."

In 1792 he had written to Mr. Rittenhouse in regard to steam vessels: "This, sir, will be the mode of crossing the Atlantic in time, whether I bring it to perfection or not, for packets and armed vessels." "The day will come," he wrote in his journal, "when some more powerful man will get fame and riches from my invention, but nobody will believe that poor John Fitch can do anything worthy of attention." Why cannot some wealthy American, engaged in navigation (George Law, for instance), give to the next first class ocean steamship that he builds, the name of JOHN FITCH?

THE OLDEST SHIP.—The whaling barque Maria, of New Bedford, still in active service, was the first ship that hoisted the American flag in the Thames at the close of the Revolution. She is still staunch, sound and seaworthy.

POOR TURKEY.—The Turkish Grand Vizier was right when, in speaking of the pressure of the allies on his country, he said, "It is the renewal of the old fable of the horse, that entered into a league with man to be avenged on the lion."

NOVEL.—Mrs. Stephens, authoress of "Fashion and Famine," is engaged in writing a new novel, to be called "Mary,"—

"The sweetest name to mortals given."

FRANCE.—The French really like the imperial sway, expensive though it is to them. They're like eels, and have got used to skinning.

TURKISH GRATITUDE.

We should be loath to believe that some of the cardinal virtues, such as gratitude and honesty, were becoming rare in this world of ours, and yet when we see the great parade made about a simple act of restitution, and a simple practical acknowledgement of favors received, we sometimes fear that people are getting into a bad way, and grow really no better than they should be. But these, we dare say, are misanthropic notions, and only pardonable during the prevalence of the east wind. The world is not so bad as satirists represent it, nor does Christendom monopolize those virtues which are the rule of Christian life.

Gratitude, for instance, is a sentiment which exists in force among the much abused Orientals. Recently, one of those fires so frequent in Constantinople, broke out in the suburb of Pera. A European merchant, who lived but a short distance from the scene of conflagration, began to move his furniture and goods. There was not a moment to be lost; he and his wife, children, servants and employees went to work. They had no help from their neighbors, as every one was occupied by his own danger. As for those individuals who rushed to the spot, they were mostly very villanous-looking Maltese and Ionians, who came to plunder under the pretence of affording aid. Thus the work went on but slow, the fire meanwhile making rapid progress, when twenty Turks arrived with their engines, and mingled actively with the "workies." In the midst of them, a man of fifty, wearing the white turban of a man of the law, directed their efforts, and stimulated their zeal by means of a silken purse attached to his girdle, into which he was continually plunging his hand and withdrawing it full of *paras*. Thanks to this unexpected help, the house and its contents were saved. When all was over, the European merchant approached the unknown, thanked him warmly, and testified his surprise at seeing him for the first time.

"I am called Hassan, Papoutchou Oglou (Hassan, son of the slipper-maker)," replied the other. "Twenty years ago, my father, then in a strange country, was assisted by yours. He died, leaving his debt to me. I have waited all this time, hoping that God would send me an opportunity of honoring my father's memory. To-day God has favored me; He willed that the fire should be kindled beside your dwelling. I came with my servants, and I depart happy in having been able, with the help of God, to preserve the roof of my father's benefactor. Farewell—remember Hassan, the son of the slipper-maker."

We might cite many similar traits among the Turks, who are generally unostentatious in the exercise of their virtues. They have a charming proverb on this point: "Let the torrent of your liberality descend from your hand without your ear catching the sound of its fall!"

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A TALE OF THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

This brilliant story will challenge the admiration and utmost interest of every reader, being a reflex of strange facts connected with the recent war in the East.

The paper likewise contains its usual attractive variety.

☞ Agents should send in their orders at once for the extra number desired.

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FAT MEN.—Henry Giles says "that there is something cordial about a fat man; everybody likes him and he likes everybody." This is true; people "cotton" to the Falstaffs, and cut the "lean and hungry Cassiusses" of this world. There is a reason for this preference. Who ever heard of a fat man murdering a fellow-being, or getting his livelihood as a professional burglar or a highwayman? Two hundred and fifty pounds weight of flesh is ample security for good behaviour and a certificate of good character.

BIRD EXPRESSES.—The London Times, in commenting on the absence of intelligence respecting the loss of the Pacific, recommends that all vessels going to sea should take a cage of carrier pigeons. We doubt whether pigeons could live through such a storm as we had when the Pacific was probably lost.

EGYPT.—The stock for the Isthmus of Suez Canal is rapidly taken up in Egypt. This part of the globe used to be the head-quarters of old fogyism, but now the mummies are getting galvanised, and are remarkably lively and wide-awake.

THIN SHOES.—Punch thinks that the feminine partiality for thin shoes arises from the feminine dislike to a thick understanding. We should think our fair countrywomen would not object to great souls.

EMBARRASSING.—Balfe has published a new song, called the "First Kiss." "Pha'ncy the feelinks" of a young lady obliged to ask a handsome young clerk in a music store to give her the first kiss!

THE M. D.'s.—About thirteen hundred doctors graduated at the various medical colleges in this country last year. The Boston Herald pleasantly styles them "a brigade of lancers."

CHINESE POTATOES.—The Chinese potato, so much talked about, ought to be mealy, because it comes from the *floury* land.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

Mrs. Barrow is re-engaged at the Boston Theatre for next season.

The allies have given up Sebastopol to Russia—what's left of it.

Dr. J. C. Warren directed that his skeleton should be given to the Medical College.

Relief continues to be sent to the unfortunate inhabitants of the Cape de Verd Islands.

During the past year the Am. Tract Society has received $943 10 in counterfeit money.

The contemptible crime of bigamy seems to be spreading over the country.

There was a very violent hail storm in Lunenburg county, Virginia, recently.

The gold diggings of Vermont don't pay, and the diggers have left them.

Dr. Cheesman, after thirty years' service as surgeon of the New York Hospital, has resigned.

The old bell of the Philadelphia State House is now used for the fire alarm.

There are five persons confined in Cincinnati on the charge of murder.

Half the world's impudence is based on the possession of money.

The Boston Light Dragoons are on hand this season as brilliant as ever.

The new Nicaraguan minister has been received at Washington.

A wheelbarrow race was lately run round the Common. What next?

Louis Napoleon's baby is enrolled as a grenadier in the guard.

John Tyler lately sold $350,000 worth of liquors at one sale in Boston.

Gas-lighing was invented by Philip Le Bon, a French engineer, in 1785.

The affairs of Italy were tartly debated in the Peace Congress, at Paris.

The squirrels on Boston Common survived the winter, and are as merry as "critics."

Italy has an area of 119,000 square miles, and a population of 25,000,000.

A trotting course has been laid out at Jamieson's Point, Rockland, Maine.

A gang of counterfeiters was recently arrested at Detroit, Michigan.

Baron Bulow, of the Costa Rican army, is a dead shot. "Vel, vot of it?"

The senior class at Cambridge College is the largest ever known—105 members.

If the quack advertisements were all true, every one might live forever.

A GENTLEMAN.

The old distich ran:

"When Adam delved and Eve span
Where was then the gentleman?"

In England they have peculiar notions respecting male gentility. A gentleman, with our British friends, is a man who unites to some advantages of birth, fortune, talent or position, those moral qualities which are adapted to the place he occupies in society, and manners which indicate a liberal education and training. The tact of the English people in this respect is very nice, and even the brilliancy of the most elevated rank rarely leads their judgment astray. Though George IV. was called by the "upper ten" the "finest gentleman of his kingdom," yet the masses by no means endorsed that opinion. Let a man of the highest birth step aside in conduct, in manner, or even in the etiquette imposed by his position, you will soon hear the popular remark, "Though a lord he is no gentleman." In this country a man is recognized as a gentleman, whatever his position or means, provided he is a true man—true to himself, true to his fellows. Wealth with us does not gild brutish manners, nor descent blind the popular judgment to individual defects.

A LONG BEARD.—The longest beard recorded in history was that of John Mayo, a painter to the Emperor Charles V. Though he was a tall man, it is said his beard was so long that he could tread upon it. He was very vain of his beard, and usually fastened it with a ribbon to his button-hole; and sometimes he would untie it by command of the emperor, who took great pleasure in seeing the wind blow it in the faces of the courtiers.

EARLY TALENT.—Miss ROSA BONHEUR, the famous French animal painter, distinguished herself as an artist at the early age of seventeen. She dresses in male attire when she visits the horse fairs, to avoid attracting attention, and is regarded by the dealers as a fast young man in pursuit of a good horse.

A PARADISE.—Dodge (Ossian E.) of the Cleveland "Musical Harp," says "we are prepared to say that Cleveland has *no equal* for beautiful location, fine streets, magnificent private residences, pretty women, or facilities for inland commerce." Capitalists will make a note of this.

MRS. BLACKWELL.—This lady, formerly Miss Lucy Stone, has dropped the Bloomer costume, and appeared lately at a public meeting "in an elegantly flounced black moire antique dress, prettily trimmed with rich Maltese lace." Judging from its color, she must like *black well*.

FINE PICTURE.—Goupil & Co., 366 Broadway, New York, have been exhibiting a splendid painting by Paul Delaroche, representing "Marie Antoinette before the Revolutionary Tribunal." A good subject for a great artist.

THE "CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON."—Edward Everett promises to deliver his lecture on Washington at the South and West next winter. The Home Journal remarks on this, "It will be good when-*ever it* comes."

CRIMEA HEROES.—Count Beaufort, and some other French noblemen, who distinguished themselves in the Eastern war, have been travelling in the West and South West.

FASHION.—Ladies with long dresses are said to be *skirting* the streets even when they are crossing the way.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"Minstrel's Reply to Byron's 'My Soul is dark.'" poem by CHARLES W. STUARD.

"Mrs. Little's Piano," a story by M. E ROBINSON.

"To an Artist," lines by J. L. PATTERSON.

"My Schoolmaster," a tale by MYRA C. GREENLEAF.

"Life," stanzas by MARY F. HARDER.

"The Tribute Money," an episode of the last war, by GIDEON H. BALLOU.

"Opium" verses by SMITH ELY, JR.

"Mrs. Bradford's Medicine," a story by MARY A. LOWELL.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Representation of the Boston and Cambridge Horse Railroad, as it appears in the vicinity of the Revere House, Bowdoin Square.

A characteristic Street Scene in Hindostan.

View of the Russian Cathedral at Moscow.

Picture of a Russo-Greek Church at Bucharest, Wallachia.

One of the most striking and superb pictures we have ever given—a representation of a Steamer Weeding up on the Mississippi River; a night scene, drawn in Billings's most effective style, and finely engraved by Andrew. This artistic delineation occupies two entire pages, and is richly worth framing as a characteristic view of life on the western waters.

Portrait of Benj F Shillaber—the Mrs. Partington of humorous memory.

A fine view of the Old Folks' Convent at Waltham, the performers arrayed in the costume of by-gone times.

Representation of a venerable old relic of feudal times—Warwick Castle, England—with a procession of retainers and men-at-arms.

. The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States; or mailed to order a cent.

☞ One copy of THE FLAG and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4 00.

Foreign Items.

At the recent great naval review in the British waters, the Cukoo, a war steamship, was specially assigned for the use of the press.

The plate and other decorations of the table, now owned by the city of Paris, are said to be worth from eight to ten millions of francs.

The court of Rome is sedulously endeavoring to obtain from the government of Tuscany a concordat similar to the one lately granted by Austria.

It is said that Prince Oscar, third son of the king of Sweden, is to marry the Princess Mary of Cambridge, and is about to go to London to seek her.

Postage stamps, similar to those in England, France and America, have just been introduced into Sweden, and a universal rate of postage established.

France has been called on to interfere in Mexico, for the protection of the property of the Catholic Church, recently seized by President Comonfort.

England is at present distracted by a controversy as to whether Penn was or was not an honest man. That there should be a split about a *pen* is not very surprising.

Rabies, or hydrophobia, has got among the deer in some of the English parks, and, it is feared, will depopulate them. Stainsborough Park, near Barnsley, has lost 100 head.

Among the victims of typhus fever at Odessa were, in one week, twelve army surgeons and four physicians, of whom two were Americans, who had made preparations to return home.

The number of students in the Russian universities has hitherto been limited by law. The Emperor Alexander has just signalized his zeal for the welfare of his subjects by removing this restriction.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Prefer loss to unjust gain.

Use soft words and hard arguments.

Vain glory blossoms but never buds.

Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.

Purity is the feminine, Truth the masculine, of Honor.

Those who lie upon roses while young, are apt to lie upon thorns when old.

Whoever desires the character of a proud man, ought to conceal his vanity.

Worrying continually about something or nothing is a popular mode of suicide.

To think too poorly of yourself is a weakness; to think too well of yourself is a folly.

Ill-supplied assistance creates and perpetuates the race of idle and vicious paupers.

The march of mind in our day is great, but the march of gullibility would seem to be yet greater.

When thou art tempted to throw a stone in anger, try if thou canst pick it up without crooking thy body; if not, stop thy hand.

Beware of errors and narrowing prejudices, which lift upon us with the quietness of thistle down, but cling like barrs, go where we will, or see what we may.

A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion; but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.

It takes four things to make a real gentleman. You must be a gentleman in your principles, a gentleman in your tastes, a gentleman in your manners, and a gentleman in your person.

Joker's Budget.

What sort of trees will best bear removal and transportation? Axle-trees.

A friend has sent us the *spur* of the moment, and promises us the public *ear*.

Why is a pretty young lady like a wagon hub? Because she is surrounded with *fellocs*.

A London music publisher, with the inappropriate name of Boosey, announces some temperance hymns.

Which best works are most trampled upon? A shoemaker's; because good shoes last longer than bad ones.

When does a young lady wish to win more than seven beaux at once? When she tries to *fascinate* (fasten eight).

An honest Dutchman being asked how often he shaved, replied: "Dree dimes a week every day but Soonday; den I shafe effery day."

New York numbers 1,000 manufacturers of piety. The young lady with a new bonnet or dress would not miss going to church for all the world.

A landlady in Philadelphia, it is said, makes her pies so light that her lodgers can see to go to bed without a candle, after eating a moderate sized piece.

In Oregon the habits of the people are rather primitive. A subscriber there writes us that the only tooth-brushes used are corncobs fastened to the bed-post by a tow string.

"Our party is the bone and sinew of the country," said an electioneering office-holder to a farmer. "And what are the bones and sinews worth without the brains" replied the farmer.

A doctor and a lawyer getting into a dispute about precedence, referred the matter to Diogenes, who decided in favor of the lawyer in the following words: "Let the thief go before and the executioner follow."

Quill and Scissors.

The French paper *La Presse* has the largest circulation of any paper in France. It has never printed less than 9500 copies, and its largest circulation, during the revolutionary troubles of 1848, was 63,869 copies. Its circulation last year was 42,646 copies, or 16,352,498 stamped sheets, on which the stamp duty amounted to 1,226,805 francs, or nearly $250,000.

Thomas Smith, formerly of Ellington, Conn., came to a sudden death at Longmeadow, lately. While teaming with a pair of horses, he was thrown down upon the whiffletree so violently and in such a manner that both the vein and artery of the fleshy part of his right thigh were torn open, and he bled to death in a few minutes.

Mrs. Gage, the poet, gives the use of tobacco a deserved counterblast in the St Louis Democrat, in which she says: "In our city is a church where cards are placed upon the back of each pew—'The gentlemen (Heaven save the mark!) are requested by the ladies not to spit upon the carpets.'"

The editor of the Springfield Republican recently received half a bushel of green peas from Savannah, and thus crowed over them: "We pity poor people who can't have green peas—we do. And yet we are not 'lifted up' by it, although slightly increased in girth and avoirdupois."

Dr. Jim, a negro, lately died at Shreveport, La., aged one hundred and twenty four years, three months and twenty five days. He was born December 24, 1731, in Fredericksburg, Va., as the slave of Captain John Carter, who served as an officer during the revolutionary war.

Mrs. General Gaines has returned to the city of New York, her place of residence for several years past, where we trust she will live to dispense a goodly portion of the millions of the inheritance from her father, to the advantage of the city and its people.

The London News lately said in a leader on the adulteration of food, so common in the Great Metropolis, "with all the wealth of the world at our call, there are very few in this metropolis who can get a glass of pure water to drink or a bit of genuine bread to eat!"

The Baltimore Clipper says that counterfeit gold coin of the denomination of one dollar seems to be passing quite currently in that city at the present time. They are made of zinc, plated, and quite well executed, and are apt to deceive the unwary.

The ship Mathilde, lately arrived at New York rom Antwerp and Flushing, brought 264 passengers, who are said to bring with them about $750,000 in money—more than $2500 for every man, woman and child on board.

Two Philadelphians lately killed in two days' gunning on Brigantine Beach, N. J., 516 head of shore birds, consisting of robin, snipe, plover, etc. The New Jersey beaches are now swarming with these birds.

The town of Woonsocket, R. L., with a population of six thousand, has a banking capital of one million and forty thousand dollars—a capital larger, in proportion, than the city of New York.

It is a good sign of the times that two commissioners from South Carolina are in New York, to examine the school system, with a view of establishing a similar one in their own State.

Advices from Turks Island and Key West represent the prospects for a bountiful yield of salt as gratifyingly promising. One hundred thousand bushels is the estimate for Key West.

A boy and a girl, respectively six and eight years of age, who had been lost for upwards of ten days at Altoona, Pa., were recently found in the woods, dead, lying side by side.

Rev. T. H. Stockton, of Baltimore, proposes to publish the Bible in separate volumes—each of the inspired writers' productions being in a separate volume.

The former residence of John Jacob Astor, in Broadway, New York, is in process of demolition, to make room for a brown stone structure.

Work has been resumed upon the fortification at Fort Knox, in Bucksport, Maine, under the superintendency of Lieut. J. D. Kurtz.

Tourists are arriving at Niagara Falls in large numbers, the hotels are filling up, and the place has resumed a summer-like activity.

The editor of an Ohio paper publishes the names of his subscribers who pay up promptly, under the head of "Legion of Honor."

The Tennessee papers announce the death of the venerable Major Marr, formerly a member of Congress from that State.

It is rumored that President Lord will resign his position as President of Dartmouth College at the end of the year.

Mr Barnum pronounces the Jenny Lind letter a forgery.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Worcester, Mr. Elijah B. Chandler to Miss Amanda Melvina Hedrick.

By Rev. Mr. Twombly, Mr. William P. Chase to Miss Eugenia M. Packard.

By Rev. Dr. Robbins, Mr. Henry C. Wood to Miss Ellen Thayer.

By Rev. Mr. Burlingham, Mr. Franklin Tompkins to Miss Caroline M. Timson.

By Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. Isaac Smith, of Plymouth, to Miss Fanny Hall.

By Rev. Mr. King, Mr Harrison Ellis to Miss Susan E. Smith.

At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Gaylord, Mr. James O. Young to Miss Elizabeth P. Young.

At Brookline, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. William D. Coolidge to Miss Rebecca H. Tilden.

At West Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Hill, Mr. James E. Smith to Miss Lucy B. Russell.

At Weymouth, by Rev. Mr. Perkins, W. C. B. Fifield, M. D., to Miss Emily A. Porter.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Barnaby, Mr. Thomas S. Brown to Miss Jane E. Woodbury.

At New Bedford, Mr. Richard C. Nichols, of this city, to Miss Hepsa C. Luce.

At Fall River, Mr. Joseph Reid, of Freetown, to Miss Rebecca Brown.

At Oxford, by Rev. Mr. Bardwell, Rev. Henry Wickes to Miss E. F Bardwell.

At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Faunce, Mr. Amos M. Eaton to Miss Kina M Kelley.

At Springfield, by Rev. Dr. Osgood, Mr. R. F. Pate, of New London, Ct., to Miss Louisa A Brown.

Deaths.

In this city, Gardiner G. Hubbard, Esq., 63; Mrs. Sarah Caroline Hobart, 29; Mr. Joseph E. Place, 29; Miss Emma Scudine, 20; Mrs. Elma T. Jennie 66. Mr Horace C. Lane, 34; Mr Thomas Emmons, 92. Mr. Jonathan A Palmer, 62.

At East Boston, Miss Mary Frances Baldwin, 22; Mrs. Fanny Tredidorn, 85; Miss Mary Ann Dyer, 44.

At Roxbury, Dea. William C. Hunneman, 87; Mrs. Charlotte Maria Eldridge, 24.

At Charlestown, Mr. Richard Watts, 55.

At Cambridge, Mrs. Elizabeth Greenwood Hovey, 62; Mrs. Lydia F., wife of Rev. Leonard Carr, 34.

At Chelsea, Widow Sally Clark, 68.

At Somerville, Mr. Hugh Moore, 54.

At Melrose, Mr. George Howard, 30.

At Waltham, Mr. Robert Baldwin, 81.

At Salem, Mrs. Mary M. Brown, 70, Mr Robert Walsh, 70; Miss Emeline B. Bryant, 16.

At Marblehead, Mr. Joseph Witham, 74.

At South Danvers, Mr. Jonathan O. Parker, 64.

At Beverly, Mr. George Endicott, 30.

At Swampscot, Widow Elizabeth Low, 82.

At North Wrentham, Rev. Charles Simmons.

At Gloucester, Mr. Richard W. Smith, 21, Mrs. Nancy Roberts, 78.

At Newburyport, Mrs. Mary M. Merrill, 72.

At Salisbury, Miss Linda A. Pike, 25.

At Milford, Mr. Willis Claflin Rawson, 23.

At East Lexington, Mr. Peter Blodgett, 58.

At Scituate, Mr. Augustus H. Cole, late of Charlestown, 45.

At Hardwick, Mr. Wyatt Barlow, 87.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MYSTIC SHORE.

BY J. H. ROBINSON.

There came a hot and hectic flush;
It filled our trembling hearts with sighing;
Some seemed it like a maiden blush
Upon her fair young visage lying.
We could not deem our dear one dying—
Those boding signs were slow of reading,
And Heaven was silent to our pleading.
Death's ever swelling, solemn sea
Was rolling towards her silently,
With saintly shapes above it gleaming,
O'er the surging billows beaming—
Light upon her pathway streaming.

As days passed on 'twas sad to know
Life's mystic lamp was burning low,
'Twas grief to see the hectic glowing,
And note the life-blood ebbing, flowing
We could not, if we would, help knowing
That our darling girl was going
To dwell with angels on that shore
Where pain is suffered nevermore.
In sweet and silent vision cast,
The loved and lost before her passed—
Smiling, beck'ning, beaming, beaming,
Over death's dim gateway gleaming,
Peace through her rapt spirit streaming.

We saw her youthful footsteps fail,
The mocking crimson fade to pale.
Then came again with fevered burning,
Bringing thirst and restless turning,
And a mute yet fervent yearning
For gentle convoy to that land
Where saints in shining garments stand,
With golden harps, a "new song" learning.
Her unsealed eyes with faith's discerning,
Saw them afar like bright clouds gleaming—
Smiling, beck'ning, beaming, beaming
Peace through her rapt spirit streaming.

No rebellion, no complaining
That the outer life was waning—
Of the fever that was paining,
Of the cup that she was tasting,
Of the shrinking and the wasting,
Of dire death's impatient hasting:
Her visions of that mystic shore
Where pain is suffered nevermore,
Were to her sight like watch-fires gleaming,
Ever brightening, ever beaming
Through her waking and her dreaming,
Down the silent valley streaming.

Morn ushered in the hour of change;
All earthly things grew dim and strange;
There fell a pearling mist all golden,
Floating around her like the olden
Radiance round the ancient seer.
The billows rolling very near,
In sweet and solemn vision cast
Those saintly shapes and faces passed,
Smiling, beck'ning, beaming, beaming,
Peace through all her being streaming.

We would have held her back from dying,
With our sobbing and our crying,
Bound her to this earth of sighing.
Our darkened sight was dull of knowing
That mystic shore where she was going;
We could not see the billows flowing
But still, in silent vision cast,
Remembered forms before her passed—
Smiling, beck'ning, beaming, beaming,
Peace through her rapt spirit streaming.

Death's soundless, ever solemn sea,
Rolled towards our darling silently:
She saw the friendly billows swelling
To bear her to the mansioned dwelling,
With a peace past human telling.
There was a sound of music welling
Softly from the other shore—
A look—a smile—a sigh—no more!
Invisible beings swiftly bore
Our darling where the light is streaming,
Where known and saintly shapes are beaming
With a beauty past all deeming,
In our waking or our dreaming—
O'er death's mystic arches gleaming.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY SYBIL HASTINGS.

Nearly three years passed subsequent to the marriage of Horace Adams before he took his wife and child home to the old homestead where he had spent the days of his childhood and early youth. During the period of her wedded life, and ever after the day which made her a widow, the homestead had been the abiding place of the senior Mrs. Adams, whose union had been blessed with but two children, both boys, the eldest of whom had died prior to his attaining his majority, leaving Horace the sole recipient of his mother's solicitude, and that was of a very peculiar nature, interfering rarely with her own self-interest, but ever manifesting itself in all other connections which the youth was led, either through chance or desire, to form.

From her earliest youth upward, to the present period—something past the maturity of middle age—she had led a life of self-indulgence, which gradually matured into a spirit whose manifest arrogance of opinion and petty arbitrary sway over her own household became disagreeable and irritating in its daily exercise over the inmates who, either by circumstance or necessity, were compelled to find themselves domiciled beneath her roof. Time had softened in the recollection of the son the defects of his mother's character; their homes being widely separated, but for brief and far-apart visits paid by him to the paternal home, and in the tender pride with which he was wont to regard his young wife, the thought never once occurred to him of the vast difference between the two characters whom he was now about to assimilate in the close intimacy of domestic life. In the gay southern metropolis in which he had commenced business, under the patronage and kindly influence of a relative of his father's, he had met the gay girl, whose youthful fancy for the handsome young northener had ripened into the hallowed love of a wife—the mother of his child.

Full of the sunshine of an affectionate spirit, laughing in the care-free gaiety of youth, were the dark eyes which wandered from the carriage window as, Horace Adams ended his journey homeward, in the shadow of the old pear-tree before his mother's door. But the owner of those gay glances beheld not the motherly countenance bending forward in cordial greeting from beneath that vine-wreathed portico which she pictured to herself for the last half hour of her drive—not even the hall door stood hospitably open to their advent; the roses of June scattered their white and crimson leaves over the well-worn door step, and the grass grew tall and untrodden to its base. The closed doors, the curtained windows, gave the house a deserted, lonesome aspect to the wife's eyes; but Horace Adams knew well the custom of the proprietor, and opening a small side gate in the low picket-fence, hedging in the front yard, he found his way to the other side of the house, where a column of smoke rose darkly up from the kitchen chimney towards the clear, blue, summer sky; and through the open door he beheld his mother within.

With a quiet, expressionless countenance she sat in the amplitude of her arm-chair vigorously knitting away on a stocking of almost interminable length, while she at the same time superintended the movements of a sober looking domestic, busied in the preparation of dinner. The swinging-to of the garden gate, followed by the shadow which fell upon the sunlit floor, prepared her for the frank, clear tones of her son's voice, speaking his cheerful greeting to herself. It was the *shadow* of a smile alone which crept across those thin lips, and lost itself in the premature wrinkles of her forehead. She thrust her knitting needles into the heart of the ball which she withdrew from the depths of her pocket, rolled it slowly up, and not until then did she follow her son through the house to the front entrance, whither he hastened to admit the travellers.

She had not half made the passage of the hall before a graceful, girlish figure bounded forward to her side; a pair of small, white hands, ungloved, and profusely decorated with sparkling gems, grasped her arm, and a face, from which fell back a quantity of long, dark curls, raised itself affectionately to her own.

Eleanor Adams, even in the confusion of the moment, experienced for the first time the chill with which a loving heart feels itself repulsed, as those frigid lips left a scarce perceptible impression on the brow which she touched. But there was a gratified expression in Mrs. Adams's eyes as she took, for the first time, her grandchild from its father's arms, and looked in approving recognition of the infantile charms upon its wondrous baby beauty, which almost reconciled the mother's heart to her own uncordial greeting; and the glance of rigid scrutiny which she turned upon its nurse, the old negress, whom she had brought with her from the south for the love which she bore her little nursling, and had borne herself, whom she also had nursed in her infancy.

From the bed upon which she had thrown herself as soon as she had disencumbered herself of her travelling dress, Eleanor cast a pleased survey around the cool, spacious chamber, to which her mother-in-law had at once consigned her, with an intimation of the near approach of the dinner hour. Dinah had looped back, by her directions, the voluminous folds of white muslin which draped the tall mahogany bedstead upon which she lay, the curtains from the windows, the sashes of which had been raised by the united efforts of her husband and Dinah—so long did they seem to have been closed as to forbid all belief in the free circulation of summer breezes and summer sunshine being permitted thereto, to steal from the gloss of those white draperies, now floating idly in the breeze, or fade the bright hues of crimson and green which had striped the floor of that guest chamber for many a year. The baby lay asleep by her side, and Dinah was already busied folding away her wardrobe in the chest of mahogany drawers, almost black, and highly polished with age, the upper drawers of which were beyond even the reach of Dinah's long arms, unless mounted on stool or chair.

Once or twice Eleanor found herself wondering if ever before that antique bureau was burdened with so rich and fashionable a wardrobe as one after another she beheld Dinah place therein some delicate trifle belonging to her own toilet, or a richly embroidered frock of her little Carrie's. She might have asked, also, with pardonable vanity, if that narrow, old-fashioned mirror, which hung above the white toilet-stand, had ever reflected so lovely a countenance as, rising, she stood gazing therein, while she smoothed out the dark, shining ringlets, and shook them gracefully back from a brow almost as fair and peaceful as that of her child, smiling to itself in its baby dreams? But there was little of personal vanity in the heart of Eleanor Adams—only a pleasing consciousness, which had grown out of a happy existence, of her ability to win wherever she went friendliness and good will.

She had not more than half completed her toilet, before she called Dinah from the still half unpacked trunks, and despatched her to the front yard in quest of a handful of roses. Hitherto Dinah had gathered her mistress's bouquets from the prodigal flower beds of a southern garden; therefore, as her wont, she plucked the half blown roses from the bushes, wholly regardless whether they bore buds or not which would bloom at some later period. Mrs. Adams, senior, met her coming through the hall, her arms laden with the rifled contents of her garden, and something like an exclamation of affright broke from her as she beheld the sacrilege which had been committed. Never before had mortal hands ventured to detach from those prized and cherished rose bushes more than a single rose at once, and that must be full blown, short-stemmed, and barren of accompanying bud and leaf. The exclamation of terror ended in a brief, sharp reprimand that sent the affrighted perpetrator of the wrong with hurried footstep and disturbed countenance to her mistress's chamber; but when she beheld the rapturous delight with which Eleanor received the brilliant colored and pure white flowers, she prudently forbore to disenchant her of her treasure by a knowledge of the rebuke which she had herself received for gathering them. So in utter unconsciousness, Eleanor twined a white and bluish bud amid her curls, and fastening the lace which frilled her white corsage with another, went below. The sound of Horace's voice led her to the sitting-room, where she found him, together with his mother and another person, whose residence with her husband's mother was as yet unknown to her.

Rachel Gray—for this she was called—arose as Mrs. Adams named her in brief, abrupt words to Eleanor, and curtsied demurely to the graceful apparition which glided into their midst; then she shot a quick, penetrating glance from beneath the long, light lashes that habitually drooped low over the pale blue eyes, which brightened with a restless expression as they scanned the features of her aunt's guest, while an acute observer might have perceived a faint deepening of the color in her fair cheek, an expression something like disquiet gathering about the thin red lips, from which issued only from time to time the lowest and softest of monosyllables when addressed. But Eleanor did not perceive them at once; the peculiarities of this new acquaintance became apparent to her only as she learned in after days to know her more intimately; she only beheld in her a very pretty girl, of about her own age, ill dressed, and possessing manners almost painful in their extreme shyness.

"Come here, Mellie, and take your first good view from this south window of the beautiful Connecticut River, and acknowledge I have neither exaggerated nor overrated its beauties one iota," called her husband from the open casement, from which he was bending; and Eleanor did not notice as she joined him the chilling gaze which fastened itself upon her flower-wreathed hair, and leisurely surveyed the delicate robe in which she had attired herself; but Rachel Gray noted it all with secret satisfaction, and echoed a profound sigh after her aunt's when she turned to her from that critical observation of her daughter-in-law's toilet, observant of even the embroidered handkerchief which was thrust within her belt—an extravagance of which she, herself, had never been guilty. Why had she not once even severely rebuked poor Rachel for having modestly proffered to embroider the name of Martha Adams in the tiniest legible characters in a corner of her own holiday linen cambric?—and now was not her own son's wife sporting in her very presence a befrilled, embroidered, gossamer thing, too useless in its frailty for her comprehension.

"It is indeed charming! and," added Eleanor, turning to his mother, "I no longer wonder that Horace should have ever retained so vivid a remembrance of this pleasant home; I can but wonder that he could have ever found it in his heart to leave it with all the glad associations of his boyhood also encircling its precincts."

"I so endeavored to instruct my son that duty to him would be paramount always to pleasure and self-gratification."

"I can well believe it, my dear madam, knowing him as I now do," responded the wife with ready tenderness, while Horace patted her cheek, and called her some pet name, too low to be audible to the others.

"You will see, Rachel Gray, if dinner is prepared," said Mrs. Adams. "The minute hand is already on the stroke of one o'clock, and Horace has doubtless not yet forgotten the punctuality which, with some degree of success, I have ever maintained in my household." And the old lady glanced complacently about her as though she would call their attention to the order which was apparent in the very apartment in which they were assembled.

Truly, it was a pleasant room, with its wide, open chimney-place, and the base therein filled with the feathery green asparagus tops and glossy oak leaves, filling up the space intervening between the massive, barnished andirons; the cool, white matting spread upon the floor; the long muslin curtains, falling to the very floor, and the row of quaintly carved high-backed chairs ranged about the room. The green blinds were partly closed, and from the window at which they stood, the sunshine came in, softly tempered through the thick June foliage of the trees, while the drowsy hum of mid-day filled the air with a soft, monotonous melody. But there were no books upon the little table beneath the glass; only a ponderous volume, with "Holy Bible" inscribed upon its brown leather cover, lying on small stand in a remote corner. A portrait, meant to represent the maidenhood of the mistress of the house, and perpetrated in brilliant hues, hung upon the wall; and just opposite, a no less execrable likeness of her son, which would have been unrecognized by his wife, had not the original himself pointed it out, with a mischievous smile.

"It will console you during my absence by its remarkable resemblance to myself, will it not, Mellie?" he questioned, laughingly, and for the first time there fell heavily upon Eleanor's heart a presentiment of coming loneliness and homesickness.

Horace marked the troubled look which became visible in that expressive countenance, and chided himself for the unpleasant remembrance which he had called to her recollection.

He was about absenting himself from their little circle, on affairs of much importance, connected with his business, which compelled him to go abroad for an indefinite length of time, which he consoled Eleanor with the promise of rendering brief as possible; and he had brought her north, with her little one, to become in the interval a resident beneath the shelter of his mother's roof, she being, like himself, fatherless, and yet more desolate for one so young without mother, brother or sister.

Something of the vast incongruity existing between his wife's tastes and habits, and those into which she was about to be brought into daily contact, now, for the first time, occurred to him, as he marked the vivid contrast which she presented to both his mother and Rachel Gray; but with the easy credulousness of affection, he never doubted Eleanor's power of converting, as she had hitherto been so successful in doing all things in conformity with her own inclinations. He did not realize that which to him were but girlish caprices and graceful foibles, would be looked upon by more austere eyes as grave offences, committed against the decorum and dignity of wife and motherhood, and moreover, that Eleanor now stood something in the light of a rival between his own and his mother's heart. Every caress, each loving word bestowed upon the young wife by her husband, she considered herself defrauded of by Eleanor. The grace which she soon imparted to the formal and elaborate arrangement of the pretty parlor, by a distribution of various trifles of books and *bijouterie* therein, were to her only a tacit rebuke of her own ability.

In spite of herself, Eleanor soon discovered that all her endeavors to please could not win one approving smile or friendly word; that while the beauty of little Carrie was a source of ill concealed triumph to the grandmother in exhibiting it to the neighbors, that she was none the less disposed to cavil at the extravagance of its richly embroidered frocks, most of which had been wrought by herself. But what perplexed and chagrined her most of all were the ceaseless reprimands which poor Dinah constantly incurred in doing her bidding, and which, with the garrulousness of her class, she did not hesitate to communicate to her mistress. However, for Horace's sake, these, the most palpable trials which she had ever known, Eleanor determined to overcome with a brave, hopeful heart, whose courage was born out of her very tenderness for him.

Happily unconscious of the frequent cause which she gave for dissatisfaction through her very ignorance of the existence of many of Mrs. Adams's prejudices, Eleanor found great and exceeding enjoyment in the unrestrained freedom of a country life, which she was now for the first time permitted to enjoy. Absorbed in her own pleasant thoughts, she was blind to the interchange of all glances passing between Mrs. Adams and her parasite, Rachel Gray, when she would burst upon them with her apron laden with the wild flowers which she had rifled the woodlands of far and near, her cheeks glowing with exercise, her small hands sadly browned by exposure to the sun. And Horace, if he sometimes felt inclined to remonstrate with his mother for her ceaseless discouragement, and sometimes almost arbitrary remonstrances against those wild rambles which were rounding that slender figure into a more perfect grace, and filling the late languid limbs with an elasticity that argued well for the increase of physical health, was easily diverted from his purpose by a word or glance from Eleanor, who would not for the world have suffered herself to mar the harmony existing between mother and son.

As far as she was capable of loving any one, did Mrs. Adams love her son. He was a portion of herself; she had given him birth; and, thanks to that circumstance, he had prospered though life. She would have scouted the bare possibility of Eleanor's love being requisite to his well-being, although any other person might have perceived it.

Now the time drew near for his departure, and when it came, it found Eleanor, all softened and subdued as she was by grief, thoroughly prepared to appreciate any degree of kindly attention, no matter how trivial, offered by her who was the mother of that adored one; and with a lambent gentleness, Mrs. Adams did rouse herself to bestow for a brief season something of that womanly attention towards Eleanor which a child, willingly, would seem most natural for her to give. But the change was as transient as it was insincere; all Eleanor's tastes and habits rose in direct opposition to her own; and more than all else, Rachel Gray followed her like a shadow, taking a malicious pleasure in pointing out to her observation all the incongruities which existed between them.

The winds of autumn ever and anon hurled from the half barren limbs of the old pear-tree, before the homestead, the crisp and frost-bitten leaves, sighing drearily against the casement of Eleanor's chamber—the occupant of which lay rather than sat in the chair before it, with her poor aching head resting wearily against the window pane, great tears rolling slowly down her thin, white cheek, and suffered to break unheeded upon the window sill, even as the rain drops upon the glass.

Weeks had now elapsed since that miserable last day of summer, when the members of that household had been startled by a moan so appalling in its anguish as to echo forever in the memory of those who heard it. Hurrying from the dining-room to the parlor, which they had just quitted as Eleanor opened the morning paper, with a faint hope of finding the English vessel, in which Horace was expected home from England, telegraphed, Mrs. Adams and Rachel Gray beheld her sitting there, white and rigid as a statue, her dark eyes frightfully dilated and fixed upon the paper which had fallen at her feet. With a pale cheek and trembling hand Rachel Gray had taken up that paper, and read therein the loss of the vessel in which Horace had taken passage home, including all the lives but those of a portion of the crew.

They never heard but that one moan of almost more than human misery from her; only once in a while, when Horace's mother lay uneasy or wakeful during the dark, silent watches of the night, she fancied she heard the repetition of that sound coming faintly through the closed door from the chamber where Eleanor lay with her baby. But it was soon perceptible that she faded and drooped, instead of recovering from the heaviness and first bitterness of the shock she had sustained.

The mother's grief for the loss of her son seemed to have spent itself in a brief, passionate abandonment to her sorrow while she received the sympathy and condolences of her neighbors, and finally subsided into an emotion of secret indignation against Eleanor that she should appear to suffer longer or more acutely than herself. The agonized expression which would involuntarily contract the wife's features whenever any casual mention was made by his mother of ought appertaining to him, was to her a tacit rebuke of her less sensitive recollection, and she felt herself aggrieved by the wife in her manifestation of a more enduring sense of bereavement than she herself experienced. There was solace left to her in the daily routine of domestic life and its relations, but for the void in that widowed one, on earth there was no substitute.

Horace's loss, too, it was soon ascertained, had left his wife, with her child, dependent upon his mother's bounty; so entangled were his business affairs, and so little known to his wife and mother that they were compelled to leave their entire adjustment to strangers. Absorbed by her grief, Eleanor had as yet paid little heed to aught else. Always heretofore abundantly provided for, she could not readily comprehend how she could suffer, either from dependence or through actual want. While his mother was amply provided for and abundantly able to do for them, she could not for a moment doubt her good will towards the wife and child of her only son. No, the question never once occurred to her mind, nor, in truth, was it fully realized by Mrs. Adams herself until casually alluded to by Rachel Gray.

"Poor thing!" said that person, with affected sympathy, "no wonder she is pining and fretting herself to death, setting, as she has done, so high a value on the possession of worldly vanities and adornments."

Her companion looked up at once with ready attention, and Rachel Gray went on:

"Don't you think, aunt, that perhaps if you were to speak with her on the necessary change which custom requires in her dress, that she would be in a degree easily diverted from her present melancholy state? I, who was only a cousin to your poor son, have already worn black for him these six weeks, while Eleanor has as yet made no change in her dress, but, on the contrary, puts on the same attire which she was wont to do when he was alive and with us, apparently utterly reckless of what the world may say of such neglect shown to his memory."

"True, child—quite true. How could I, too, have been so forgetful? I must speak with her myself," answered her aunt.

And she had spoken with Eleanor that morning, who answered her only by a gush of quiet tears; and to her suggestion that Rachel Gray should go at once to town to make for her the necessary purchases, with a mournful obedient, "As you please, mother." And Rachel Gray did as she was requested, but not until she had produced in return for her crafty suggestion that Eleanor's wardrobe must necessarily be procured at a more expensive and fashionable establishment than her aunt's and her own had been, a decisive countermand from Mrs. Adams herself.

And Rachel Gray returned laden with her purchases—fabrics which were almost unknown to the hitherto elegantly nurtured child of affluence; garments whose texture the mother-in-law would herself have shamed to have beheld her son's wife in, had not the artful suggestions of her niece that Eleanor's previous habits required more costly attire than they were accustomed to wear, steeled her heart to all generous and womanly impulses. But the arrow which Rachel Gray barbed with petty malice for the heart of her rival, fell aimless against the wounded breast of Eleanor Adams; coarse and costly garments were all one to her then, in her bitter anguish, and the fresh burst of sorrow with which she had received them that autumn morning from the hands of Mrs. Adams, had been just as acute had they been selected by the same prodigal careful hand which had hitherto supplied her wants. Mrs. Adams, however, biased as she was by her own unfavorable inclination and Rachel Gray's suggestions in regard to Eleanor, failed to discern in its true sense the cause of her tears as those sombre habiliments were given to the shrinking, grief-struck woman.

"You were right, Rachel Gray, there is a double cause for Eleanor's sorrow," said the stepmother to her niece, as they sat in the parlor below, while the unconscious origin of their misconstructions laid her head upon the rain beat window pane, and hearkened with fainting heart to the dreary moan of the autumn storm.

"She is nothing but a child after all, aunt, and we must not be too exacting. What if we were to try how successful a little petting and humoring of her old fancies would be? I thought of this yesterday, when in town; and if you will be so good—if you will not think I was too forward, that I took too much upon myself, you will please, aunt, look at these handkerchiefs, which I took with the other articles, for her." And as she spoke, she took a small parcel from her work-box, and displayed a dozen of very delicate pocket handkerchiefs of the finest linen cambric, edged with a deep black border.

Mrs. Adams, after a critical examination, took them up, and, without speaking a word, ascended to the chamber of her daughter-in-law. Still Eleanor sat with bowed head by the window, while old Dinah, with her wishful, sympathizing gaze, turned towards her little Carrie, asleep upon her knee.

"I have brought you a little present, Eleanor," said the old lady, and for once she shaped her words and tones to a kindliness that brought a wan smile to Eleanor's lip, and a vivid expression of gratification into her eyes, as she took the friendly offering which was tendered her, and strove to express her thanks in a voice that would have been cheerful had her self-command equalled her wishes.

"It was very thoughtful and considerate of Rachel Gray; for it is to her, and not to me, you are indebted for remembering your taste in such things," continued Mrs. Adams.

Eleanor glanced down at the deep black borders which edged the handkerchiefs, when her words and every expression of pleased emotion faded from her countenance at once.

Mrs. Adams attributed, most unjustly, the change which she manifested to an emotion of dislike and annoyance which she experienced at being indebted to her niece, and she grew quite wrathful with her companion.

"Rachel Gray is a good and praiseworthy girl," she said, hastily; "and you would do well, Eleanor Adams, if you were to strive to imitate her in patience and submission. She, too, has been chastened by the Almighty's hand, where she, too, placed her earthly dependence; she, too, has come to me to live equally in want with you yourself, and deprived of her worldly maintenance; but Rachel Gray has never repined; by her meek and patient deportment, she has evinced her gratitude to God for the humble instrument which he has provided in myself to take care of the fatherless and the motherless. She has truly been to me a comfort and a dependence in my old age—not a burden, through ceaseless repinings and lamentations."

This speech was delivered with much force and emphasis of accent and manner, and a faint color gradually crept over her companion's thin cheek; a sad, bewildered look crept into her eyes as she spoke.

There was a brief silence; then Eleanor said, in a low, sad voice:

"I, too, mother, will try to be to you even as Rachel is, with my Father's help; but I am but a poor, weak child, and time I trust will aid me with an increase of strength."

"You are too much accustomed to consider yourself incapable of exertion, Eleanor," said Mrs. Adams, still too much excited by her previous words to be touched by the pathos of that voice. "It would be much better for you were you to exert yourself."

"O, believe me, mother! I have striven to endure patiently. You have heard no word spoken by me in rebellion against my unhappy destiny—you never will; grief, such as I experience, cannot spend itself in idle moans."

"You are not alone in trouble, Eleanor; you forget that I, too, have been deprived of my husband, and that in what you have been a loser I, too, am one for the second time. If Horace was your husband, he also was my son; but you arrogate to yourself all regret for his loss."

A wondering, incredulous expression came over her companion's countenance, as she spoke:

"What is it you wish of me? How am I to satisfy you?" she questioned, and for the first time the accents of that voice became slightly querulous, like an aggrieved child stung into momentary impatience by an exacting monitor.

It was the first symptom of rebellion which Eleanor had ever exhibited, and trivial as it was it fanned the spark of jealous tyranny in her mother-in-law's breast into a flame of passionate ire.

"What is it I wish of you?" repeating her words, and concentrating all the indignation which she had ever entertained towards her into a hard, cold gaze fixed upon her victim's countenance. "It matters perhaps little what I wish, but let me tell you what I perceive, and what is quite evident to every one: You have taught yourself all through your life to believe that because you were young and pretty you were to receive nothing but indulgence, that you were to be fostered and cared for like a baby; and now that poor Horace has gone, and you find yourself without the means to gratify all your old foibles and extravagant fancies, you sit down and idly fold your hands under the cover of your tears, thinking no one will perceive that you have another cause to fret about equally with his loss."

Eleanor did not speak now when her assailer paused to take breath ere she proceeded; but the calm steady gaze of her dark eyes did not droop beneath those which met her own; they grew calmer and clearer, but yet more sorrowful, with each word. Only when Mrs. Adams proceeded to suggest the propriety of her giving up her child's nurse, and in very comprehensive language urged the apparent necessity of her taking the care of little Carrie upon herself, did she understand the exact meaning of Mrs. Adams's counsel to her to exert herself.

"Part with Dinah! Why, she has been with me since my earliest recollection! It would break the poor thing's heart—if it did not my own. Ask anything else of me but that; I cannot send her from me," was her answer.

"And I then am to understand that you not only refuse to comply with my wishes, Eleanor, but insist on forcing upon me as a member of my household a person who is not only personally disagreeable but very expensive to me?"

"Certainly not, madam; but as I cannot part with the faithful creature, I myself must go."

"And pray where do you propose going?"

Eleanor put her hand to her forehead and burst into a flood of tears. In that one bitter moment she realized the truth for the first time.

"True, I have no home to go to now. This, mother, is the only roof beneath which I have the slightest claim for shelter. But I beseech of you, do not turn away poor Dinah—Carrie will so grieve for her—Dinah will break her heart."

It was Horace's mother to whom she addressed herself. She had no pride herself to combat with; with her it seemed as yet only natural, only right, that she should provide for his destitute wife and child—and even if she had, she could have stooped for Carrie's, for even Dinah's sake. But Mrs. Adams was obdurate; she beheld in Eleanor's persistency to retain Dinah only a direct opposition to her will. And Dinah went, yet with less agony, notwithstanding her manifestation of most acute grief, than her mistress herself experienced; for Eleanor now grew daily to a knowledge of the unloving hearts that surrounded her, and the friendliness of her unenviable position.

The snow lay thick on the hillsides, and filled the valleys, while the ice sleeted the Connecticut and bridged it for many a mile. Christmas had come and gone, when Eleanor was aroused one bitter cold morning from her sleep by Rachel Gray, who stood by her bedside with a countenance expressive of unusual agitation.

"Eleanor! Eleanor! you must go to Aunt Martin; she is very ill; I don't know what can be the matter with her;—but she talks so strange and looks so very bad, she frightens me, and I dare not stay all alone with her."

Mrs. Adams had been indisposed for several days, but none of the family had considered her, any more than she herself, had done so seriously so. Eleanor's child had also been unwell for some time, and consequently fretful and troublesome in the extreme, particularly during the night, and Eleanor, upon whom its entire charge had necessarily fallen, with the dismissal of its nurse, was almost worn out with fatigue and the severity of a northern winter, which she for the first time experienced.

The rigid economy practised by Mrs. Adams in the family had deprived Eleanor of the only means of alleviating the discomfort which she experienced from the severe cold weather. Her

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It was the first symptom of rebellion which Eleanor had ever exhibited, and trivial as it was it fanned the spark of jealous tyranny in her mother-in-law's breast into a flame of passionate ire.

"What is it I wish of you?" repeating her words, and concentrating all the indignation which she had ever entertained towards her into a hard, cold gaze fixed upon her victim's countenance. "It matters perhaps little what I wish, but let me tell you what I perceive, and what is quite evident to every one: You have taught yourself all through your life to believe that because you were young and pretty you were to receive nothing but indulgence, that you were to be fostered and cared for like a baby; and now that poor Horace has gone, and you find yourself without the means to gratify all your old foibles and extravagant fancies, you sit down and idly fold your hands under the cover of your tears, thinking no one will perceive that you have another cause to fret about equally with his loss."

Eleanor did not speak now when her assailer paused to take breath ere she proceeded; but the calm steady gaze of her dark eyes did not droop beneath those which met her own; they grew calmer and clearer, but yet more sorrowful, with each word. Only when Mrs. Adams proceeded to suggest the propriety of her giving up her child's nurse, and in very comprehensive language urged the apparent necessity of her taking the care of little Carrie upon herself, did she understand the exact meaning of Mrs. Adams's counsel to her to exert herself.

"Part with Dinah! Why, she has been with me since my earliest recollection! It would break the poor thing's heart—if it did not my own. Ask anything else of me but that; I cannot send her from me," was her answer.

"And I then am to understand that you not only refuse to comply with my wishes, Eleanor, but insist on forcing upon me as a member of my household a person who is not only personally disagreeable but very expensive to me?"

"Certainly not, madam; but as I cannot part with the faithful creature, I myself must go."

"And pray where do you propose going?"

Eleanor put her hand to her forehead and burst into a flood of tears. In that one bitter moment she realized the truth for the first time.

"True, I have no home to go to now. This, mother, is the only roof beneath which I have the slightest claim for shelter. But I beseech of you, do not turn away poor Dinah—Carrie will so grieve for her—Dinah will break her heart."

It was Horace's mother to whom she addressed herself. She had no pride herself to combat with; with her it seemed as yet only natural, only right, that she should provide for his destitute wife and child—and even if she had, she could have stooped for Carrie's, for even Dinah's sake. But Mrs. Adams was obdurate; she beheld in Eleanor's persistency to retain Dinah only a direct opposition to her will. And Dinah went, yet with less agony, notwithstanding her manifestation of most acute grief, than her mistress herself experienced; for Eleanor now grew daily to a knowledge of the unloving hearts that surrounded her, and the friendliness of her unenviable position.

The snow lay thick on the hillsides, and filled the valleys, while the ice sleeted the Connecticut and bridged it for many a mile. Christmas had come and gone, when Eleanor was aroused one bitter cold morning from her sleep by Rachel Gray, who stood by her bedside with a countenance expressive of unusual agitation.

"Eleanor! Eleanor! you must go to Aunt Martha; she is very ill; I don't know what can be the matter with her;—but she talks so strange and looks so very bad, she frightens me, and I dare not stay all alone with her."

Mrs. Adams had been indisposed for several days, but none of the family had considered her, any more than she herself, had done as seriously so. Eleanor's child had also been unwell for some time, and consequently fretful and troublesome in the extreme, particularly during the night, and Eleanor, upon whom its entire charge had necessarily fallen, with the dismissal of its nurse, was almost worn out with fatigue and the severity of a northern winter, which she for the first time experienced.

The rigid economy practised by Mrs. Adams in the family had deprived Eleanor of the only means of alleviating the discomfort which she experienced from the severe cold weather. Her sleeping apartment, which was sufficiently warmed for comfort during the day, chilled her pitifully when obliged to rise, as she frequently was, with Carrie, suffering with the restlessness consequent on teething. An ordinary degree of motherly forethought on the part of the mistress of the house would have seen that the young mother's comforts were better provided for; but although she strove to judge her neither too strictly nor severely, Eleanor could not but believe that through her mistress's positive orders was Betty, the housemaid, restricted from providing her with the requisite fuel to make comfortable that exposed and spacious chamber, in which she had been domiciled from that to her far off happy summer day.

During this night she had been even more disturbed than usual by Carrie's restlessness; and her head ached, her limbs were stiff and heavy, when she aroused herself to obey Rachel Gray's summons.

Even Eleanor's ignorance as a nurse did not preclude her immediate recognition of the very serious illness of Mrs. Adams. With the departure of her physician, there was a strange alteration of the position of the different members of her household. In the young mother's distant chamber, Betty the housemaid watched over the little one, who queried impatiently for the indulgent parent, who came not an hour after hour wore away, and sank at last sobbing to sleep in the evening time.

And Eleanor Adams, wherefore lingered she far off in the chamber of that sick woman?—that woman, whose petty exactions, whose continual reproaches had harassed her with perpetual unrest? The threshold of that sick chamber Rachel Gray had never once crossed since from its precincts she had fled affrighted early that day when Dr. Barnard, after an attentive survey of the patient's lineaments, pronounced her very ill of a contagious disease. From whence or where contracted none ever knew, but Martha Adams lay sick, almost unto death, for many days, deserted by every human being but her physician and one other—a woman, faded and blanched through great sorrow, sorrow which she had herself greatly contributed to increase, to but a shadow of the gay young wife of her son, who had come to her home in the summer time.

Eleanor dared not incur the risk of carrying the contagion, to which she fearlessly exposed herself, into the child's presence, and day after day went by, while through the open door there came but an occasional laugh of little Carrie's to cheer the watcher's weariness. But there was precious recompence preparing for Eleanor Adams. The questioning glance which she sick one at first turned languidly upon her, was softening in a grateful, trusting expression, which fell like a blessing on Eleanor's heart. At first she had fretted after her niece, and impatiently bade Eleanor summon her to her side; but when Rachel came not, when the truth gradually became apparent to her that Eleanor alone shared not, this change became manifest.

Paler and paler, thinner and thinner grew Eleanor, and like a restless spirit Rachel Gray flitted to and fro from the parlor to her own chamber, jealous of the care which Eleanor bestowed on her aunt, but unable to summon sufficient courage herself to brave the danger attendant on the duties of the sick chamber. With the hope of the prolongation of Mrs. Adams's life, which Dr. Barnard gave at length, after many tedious days, was the earnest recommendation to the young nurse to seek rest for herself immediately, so worn did she appear with the long confinement to which she had resigned herself. But Eleanor felt that not yet could she leave the side of the helpless invalid, that not yet was there another ready to fill her place; and still she watched beside and tended on the sufferer, heedless of the doctor's remonstrance.

A deathlike lethargy had followed the immediate violence of Mrs. Adams's disease, and Eleanor awoke from a brief slumber, into which she had unconsciously fallen by the bedside, to behold the sick one awake, and regarding her with earnest and apparent consciousness.

"You look tired, Eleanor," she faintly said.

"But I can soon rest, now that you are looking so like yourself."

"And that I had never again been but for you, Eleanor, come closer to me; give me your hand. I have not been what I should have been to you. God forgive me, and bless you!" And she lifted the thin, pale hand, which grasped her own, with grateful tenderness to her lips. One brief moment she held it there, then Eleanor felt that feeble clasp close convulsively about her own, beheld those dim eyes brighten and dilate in strange agitation, as they fixed themselves upon the door beyond. She turned round to behold the cause of her agitation, put her hand feebly up with a faint low cry, and sank senseless upon the floor.

A manly figure stood in the doorway, with tears rolling slowly down cheeks brown with exposure and flushed with emotion. The lost had returned; the blue waters of the Atlantic had given up the treasure which Eleanor believed they had engulfed.

Sweet to Eleanor's heart was the recognition by Horace's mother of herself in tender love; but not until summer came round with its sunshine and soft breezes, could even her perfect joy win back the palest roses to her cheek. Horace was able, with little difficulty, to retrieve the loss he had sustained in his business. His mother never wearied of hearing the tale of his shipwreck and subsequent rescue by a foreign bound vessel, and repeating but for that trial, which had tried them alike so sorely, she had never learned Eleanor's worth and her own injustice.

Shortly after her aunt's recovery, Rachel left her home on a long visit to a distant relative, and the undisguised coldness of her aunt in parting with her, and the utter cessation of a further intercourse on her part, made it necessary for Rachel by accepting the first offer of marriage which she received to make for herself another home.

In all Connecticut, there is no pleasanter family circle than meets every summer beneath the roof where Eleanor Adams first learned to know and bear earth's troubles.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

I'LL SEEK THE FESTIVE HALL.

BY M. I. W. CARRIER.

I'll seek the festive hall to-night,
And strive to drown in mirth
The lonely thoughts which every hour
Within my heart find birth.

I'll seek the festive hall to-night,
Where gay hearts aptly meet,
Where witching music and the song
Keep time with flying feet.

I'll seek the gay and courtly throng,
And mingle in the dance,
Nor even to the gloomy past,
Cast one reflective glance.

Yes, I will mingle with the gay,
And smile at grief and sorrow;
Life cannot always gloomy be—
There'll come a brighter morrow.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE DESERTER.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

WHILE I was stopping at Port Mahon, a circumstance happened there which is worth relating. A friend, named Collins, was with me at dinner one afternoon. It was in the summer of 1842, and towards the latter part of the month of August, if my memory serves me rightly. At any rate, the grapes were ripening and we had some noble ones upon our table. As we arose from the board our host asked us if we were going up to the barracks. We informed him that we had made no arrangement of that kind, and asked him if there was to be any unusual parade.

"Why, yes," he answered, with that peculiar Dagonian shrug of the shoulders and twist of the features, "there is to be something that we have not had before for more than a year. A deserter is to be shot."

Collins was "up and dressed," in a twinkling for going; but I had but little inclination that way. Only about a month before, I had seen three Bedouin Arabs decapitated at Tripoli for the crime of treason, and I had no desire to see any more blood shed after such fashions, and so I told mine host, whom we always called Old Joe—and that was the only name I ever knew him to possess.

"I suppose, now, you would rather see that deserter escape, than not, eh?" said Joe, looking me sharply in the face.

"If his only crime is desertion, of course I should," said I.

"Well, that is his only crime; and more still: His mother used to live over towards Atalaya, on the southern coast, and was sick. Philip wished to see her, and they would not let him go, so he made his escape. This he has done three times, and now they have tried him and condemned him to be shot. The last time they took him, they found him by his mother's bed. He had thrown off his military garb, and assumed the dress of a common peasant."

It's rather hard to shoot a man for such a thing," said I.

"Ay," returned Joe, with the old shrug, "I know it; but suppose soldiers could be their own judges of when they might leave—why, we shouldn't have a soldier in a month, you see, they must stick up to the rules, and so poor Philip Cervera must be shot. But I suppose you would like to have him escape."

I assured the host that I should. He gazed very carefully about the room, and then stepping close to me he said, in a tone almost reduced to a whisper:

"Then come up to the parade ground. Just come up and see what you can see. Come."

I knew from the man's manner that something out of the ordinary course of such events was going to happen, and I told Collins I would go with him. The host was soon ready, and we accompanied him to the barracks. They are at the upper end of the town, at the Place d'Armes, the buildings forming one bound of the wide enclosure, while the other sides are bounded by a high, thick wall. As we reached the place, we found the regiment to which the deserter belonged just forming. Joe pointed out to us the spot where the execution was to take place, and thither we bent our steps. This spot was close by the high wall upon the east side of the enclosure. A stake was driven firmly into the ground, within a few feet of the wall, and half-a-dozen soldiers with a corporal were there to guard the premises.

Ere long the regiment was ready; the band struck up a mournful dirge, and the procession commenced to move. First rode the officers of the staff, then came the band, and then most of the regiment following. Behind these came the six men who were to shoot the deserter, and next came the deserter himself. He walked between two sergeants, with his head bowed, and his arms pinioned behind him. Following him were four men bearing a rough coffin; and, last of all, came the company to which the deserter belonged. It was a mournful scene. The soldiers walked with slow and measured tread, and even the very horses seemed to have imbibed the sad spirit of the occasion.

The procession marched wholly around the place, and as they approached the spot where we stood, the staff and band filed off, and the regiment was drawn up in a semi-circular form before the stake. Then the deserter, his attendants and his company marched up close to the place of execution. I now had an opportunity to see the face of the prisoner. It was sad and gloomy, but ever and anon, as some movement occurred near him, he would start with a sudden energy, which I thought indicated some hope. He would look quickly about him—see the cause of the noise, and then sink back with an expression of agonizing disappointment.

At length the colonel rode up and waved his sword towards the poor sergeant who had been appointed to conduct the fatal work. The prisoner looked up and saw the colonel, and with a frantic movement he rushed towards him.

"Senor colonel," he cried, sinking upon his knees, "I am not guilty! I never belonged to your regiment! I am not a soldier! God knows I never wore a uniform before!"

"Away with him!" cried the colonel, impatiently.

"Will you not listen!" the poor fellow urged, louder than before. "Never, never, never was I a soldier!"

"Carry him back," ordered the officer to the sergeant who had come up. And then he added to the prisoner, after the sergeant had raised him up: "Why do you still persist in telling such a falsehood?"

The fellow would have spoken, but the colonel waved his hand impatiently, and he was led away.

"That has been his plea ever since they brought him back," explained Old Joe to me, as they led the condemned man towards the stake. "He swears he was never in the army before—that he never had a musket in his hand—and he pretends not to know any of his old companions. When they call him by name he makes strange of it, and tells 'em he never saw 'em before."

"Why, that is a curious plea," said I, "for a man to make, who, you say, has been two years in the service."

"*Very* curious," returned the host, with a shake of the head which seemed to leave room for doubt concerning his meaning.

But we conversed no more, for our attention was now turned to the prisoner. The rough coffin had been placed against the stake, and the condemned caused to kneel thereon. The priest now approached him and knelt at his side.

"My son, remember the fate of those who die with a lie upon their lips," commenced the fat churchman. "Ere you die let us have the truth. Why did you desert your post?"

"I did not," persisted the youth; but his tone was lower now, and there was a shade of hesitation.

"I will not urge you," the priest resumed, "for of course you know; but still your assertion is strange and unaccountable. Your companions all know you—your officers swear to your identity, and I recognize you as one who has been often with me in our church with your company."

The colonel had drawn near, and he listened attentively to the words which now passed between the condemned and his spiritual director. The latter urged the youth several times more to make a full confession, but the same assertion was persisted in. The colonel shook his head and turned away, and in a moment more the six soldiers who held the loaded muskets approached the spot. They trembled some, but their step was firm, like men who have resolved to perform a terrible duty unflinchingly.

The priest asked no more questions. The prisoner had made his confession, and it remained only for the holy father to pray, which he did quickly and methodically. The sergeant, holding a watch in his left hand, and a heavy pistol in his right, now approached and directed that the prisoner should be blind-folded. The bandage was passed over his eyes, and then secured to the stake so that he should not dodge his head. At this juncture I asked mine host if they only had six men to fire. He informed me that that was all they ever employed for shooting a deserter. Three of the guns were loaded with balls, and three with blank cartridges; and when they fired they moved up and placed the muzzles of their pieces to within two feet of the condemned man's head.

The priest had arisen and moved back, and the colonel had ordered the sergeant to proceed.

"God have mercy!" uttered the unhappy youth. Until this moment his whole frame had been nerved up to an anxious listening attitude, but now his muscles relaxed, and with a deep groan he gave himself up to his fate.

The sergeant had spoken the word "READY," but before he could proceed there was a movement near the centre of the long line of men, and in a moment more a soldier broke through and rushed to the spot where the condemned was bound.

"Hold!" he shouted, as he reached the spot, placing himself between the prisoner and the executioners. "You would kill an innocent man! I am Philip Cervera!—I am the deserter, as you think! Look at me—look at me!"

All was confusion for a few moments; but the officers soon succeeded in restoring order.

"It is! It is! It is Philip!"

Such, and various other exclamations fell from the lips of those who stood around. As soon as I could gain a view of the face of the new-comer, I found that he so nearly resembled the prisoner, that I should not have dared to venture even an assertion upon the identity of either. They were of the same size, the same form, and the same features. In fact, one was the exact counterpart of the other.

The colonel leaped from his saddle and hastened to the spot.

"I am Philip Cervera, Senor colonel," the new-comer cried out. "Do you not recognize me?"

The commandant gazed first upon him and then upon the prisoner, and at length he said:

"By our lady, but this is most strange. Sergeant, what think you of it?"

"Why, sir," returned the man thus addressed, touching his cap, "I don't know. I think I should have to take their own word for it."

"You are right, sergeant. At any rate, you may unbind the prisoner."

The youth was unbound, and then the two were caused to stand up together. The newcomer had on the very clothes in which Philip had deserted, and when some of his companions were called up, they readily swore that he was the man. Some were sure that he was the man, while others could not decide between the two; but not one now swore to the identity of the prisoner.

The colonel reflected upon this a few moments, and then ordered both the men to be conducted to the barracks.

Collins and myself accompanied our host back to his house. We tried to get him into conversation on the way, but he was moody and silent, sometimes answering in monosyllables, but entering into no conversation.

"It was after dark, and Collins, the host, and myself were playing a game of billiards, when the door was opened, and in walked one of the men whom we had seen at the Place d'Armes; either the deserter, or the other one, and I could not tell which. He sprang forward and caught old Joe's hand.

"I'm free!" he cried.

"And where is Jo—a—Philip? Where is Philip!" the host asked.

"Locked up in the guard-house. They would have shot him to-day, but he claimed a trial, for he assured them that he could prove that he was carried away against his will."

"And when will they try him?"

"To-morrow."

The host now came forward, and introduced the man to us as Joseph Cervera, and also informed us that he was the one we had seen bound to the stake. We found the young man to be intelligent, and well versed in conversation; and from him we learned that the man who had come to save him was his twin brother. We asked him several questions about the desertion, but he gave us indirect answers, and the subject was dropped. He only informed us that as soon as his brother had sworn that he was Philip Cervera, and announced that he was ready to stand the trial, he, himself, had been set at liberty.

It was about ten o'clock when Collins and I retired, and it was sometime ere we fell asleep. How long I had slept I cannot tell, but it must have been past midnight, when I was awakened by hearing voices below. I listened, and could plainly distinguish the voice of our host, though I could not hear what was said. In a few moments more he came up and entered our room. He noticed that I was awake, and asked me if we would lend him our hats and cloaks a little while without asking any questions. I told him yes, though I must say that I broke the promise on the very next moment by asking him what he was up to. He shook his head and said perhaps he would tell me sometime.

In fifteen minutes after this, I heard some one go out by the back way, and then all was still. I remained awake nearly an hour after this, but heard nothing more. The clock below struck two, and in a few moments more I was asleep again.

When we went down in the morning, we found old Joe alone. I asked him where Joseph Cervera was, but he only shook his head in answer. After breakfast I was on the point of going out, when the host called me back.

"Look ye, senor," he said, in an eager, earnest tone, "you know so much already that I shall feel safer to confess to you the whole, for were you to tell one word of what you have seen here, it might ruin me. You will be secret. You know the young men, and you cannot wish them harm."

I promised, and he proceeded.

"The mother of those two young men was my sister. She died over a week ago. Philip was in the army, and Joseph was at home. They were twins, as you were told last night. Philip wished to be with his mother when she died—it was almost a monomania with him—but this could not be allowed. So he ran away. He was brought back, and ran away again. And this he did the third time. *That was Philip whom we first saw at the stake!* He had arranged with his brother for escape. Joseph was to prepare himself with all the necessary instruments for freeing himself from his shackles, and for cutting his way from prison. He knew just where he would be confined, and consequently he knew what he would need to help him in escape. With these tools concealed about him, he came, as you saw, to take his brother's place. He is a bold, dauntless, reckless man, when only self or the safety of a friend is concerned, and I believed he would succeed. You know how Philip was released, and how his innocent brother was accepted in his place. Ha, ha, ha, they let the deserter go, and took an oel in his place. Joseph had his irons off within half an hour after dark, and in an hour more, he had two of the iron bars removed from the back window. At ten o'clock he crawled out; let himself drop upon the ground, and then scaled the wall. He came immediately here, and I at once called his brother, and helped prepare for making a final clearance. Your hats and cloaks served to help them by the sentinels, and ere I left them I saw them on board a felucca, below Georgetown, bound for Toulon. They are out of sight of land long ere this. Now you know all; and I know I may trust you."

Hardly had he ceased speaking when six soldiers entered the bar-room. The deserter—Philip Cervera—had escaped! Had we seen anything of him? No. And the soldiers went away.

When I went out I found soldiers moving in all directions, and many times I heard the same question repeated which had been asked at Old Joe's. But the deserter was not found. Search was also made for the one who had come so near being shot on the day before, but they could find him no more readily than they did the other.

Not long since, a friend informed me that Old Joe was dead. He was a good landlord, and a good man, and I am sure now that the publication of this cannot harm him, even should the story ever reach the ears of those who so curiously lost the real deserter.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE POET'S DIRGE.

BY T. W. MEAGHER, M. D.

O, when my breast its final rest
Shall seek in happy realms of rest,
When free from care and dark despair,
My weary soul shall sweetly share
The scenes of endless love:

Then make my grave by the briny wave,
Beside some cavern deep and lone,
Where man can bring no venomed sting,
But where the sea-birds nightly sing
My dirge in sorrow's tone!

There lay my head, when I am dead,
No step shall seek the lonely spot—
Let none prepare to record there,
A stone to breathe with flattery's air
A name to be forgot.

Let none retrace with solemn face
The joys of sunny hours fled,
When through the maze of pleasure's ways
My steps from sound discretion strays,
By youthful passion led.

But this I claim, that when my frame
Shall cease this weary, earthly strife,
One sigh sincere—one heartfelt tear
From memory's fount shall then appear
From one I loved in life!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE STUDENT'S RESOLVE.

BY GRACE FLETCHER.

"LEONARD," said Mrs. Hastings, entering her room with the air of one extremely fatigued; the person addressed, a tall, fine-looking young man, raised himself from his lounging position on a sofa, took his eyes from the book he held in his hand, and turned them towards his mother; "Leonard, your cousin Helen is coming this evening." A shrug of the shoulders announced that Leonard had not lost the sense of hearing. "So attend to me," remonstrated his mother; "there you are reading again."

"I will attend to you with pleasure," replied her son, rising to his feet, "but I was not aware that so unimportant an event required an unusual degree of attention."

"Surely you must know, Leonard, that I have been making preparations for her all the week, and I have now got everything unpacked and put away except a large box of books which I intended arranging in her cases this morning, but Ann has just brought me word that the cook has scalded her hand, and I shall have to go down to the kitchen, so I want you to assist me a little."

"What, in getting the dinner?" inquired her son. "Really I should be very happy, were not my skill confined to consuming rather than preparing edibles."

"Pshaw! I wish you to arrange those books, for I shall have no time. You are so fond of reading that I should imagine you would like the employment."

"Arrange a woman's library! Sentimental novels, albums, keepsakes, and five-volumed romances! Mother, you have sufficient ingenuity in devising punishments to fit you for a grand inquisitor. However, I obey."

So saying, he proceeded to the room designated by his mother, where, in a large box before a bookcase, lay rather an extensive collection of books. The room itself was an extremely pleasant one. Large and airy, the windows curtained with lace, the floor covered with a soft, delicately tinted carpet, the walls adorned with a series of excellent engravings and one or two paintings, a piano occupying a recess, a bird-cage hanging in the window, it seemed as pleasant a retreat as weary mortal could inhabit.

"Fond of birds," said Leonard, glancing at the cage; "always my aversion, except those gorgeous-winged beauties which keep perpetual silence. A canary is a deafening little pest. Italian songs, eh? Can she sing to a sheet of music from the piano; "probably Miss Helen manufactures her own Italian. Let me see her books." Opening the case, he drew forth a volume of the Scottish Chiefs. "Just as I supposed," he said with a half smile; "music, birds and romances are a woman's constant associates. What comes next? *Byron*, with a mark at the 'Two Foscari!' You improve, Helen; I expected to hear you quote the 'Hours of Idleness' to me. Next comes the original—Ah, a blue! I fancy I see her. Tall, straight, inky fingers, eyes in a 'fine frenzy rolling,' hair in disorder! I must lock up my books when I go do wn, for I can't afford to have them spoiled by a woman's molesting fingers. Abbot's Napoleon, and pretty well thumbed too; a hero worshipper, eh? I'm agreed, provided she don't mistake me for a hero. *Shakspeare*, and underlined, as I live! This is more promising. Bulwer—there's the woman again—and Dickens too. I'll wager that this Dombey is blistered at 'little Paul.' Just as I expected. A girl never reads Dickens without making it a point to shed tears. Mrs. Tighe's Psyche—that's good again. Intellectual Philosophy! You must be a curiosity, my cousin, if your books are the index of your intellect. What's this? English history—Hume—unread, I'll wager. I never saw a woman yet who knew anything of history but what she learned in novels. Well, well, well! I shall never finish my own reading, if I am to make comments on all these literary treasures; so mount up, poetry and prose, history and historical novel, to your places all, and let me entreat you so to enchant your mistress that she shall not attempt to enchant me."

And with a sigh of relief, Leonard resumed his lounge and his book until summoned to dinner.

"You will be here to receive Helen?" said his mother, as she saw him preparing for a stroll when the meal was over.

"Not I, in faith. She will be expecting to see me, and be arrayed in smiles and armed with soft speeches for an attack on my fortress. No, let me see her when she does not anticipate my coming, and I warrant I shall take her at a disadvantage."

"You are uncharitable, Leonard," said his mother, with a smile.

"Uncharitable! A woman should never talk of charity until she makes her acquaintance. Don't scold, mother, I'm off; make my apologies to the fair Helen, and say that business deprived me of the pleasure of forming her acquaintance this evening. I shall see her in the morning."

And see her he did—do not you also, dear reader?—standing yonder, on tiptoe, in the broad window-sill, feeding her birds and whistling to them like a school boy; an unfeminine accomplishment this, perhaps, but one in which Helen Grafton was proficient. Her light, elastic, graceful form, raised to its full height and not then attaining woman's middle stature, her short, thick curls clustering on her neck, her bright eyes raised, black and laughing, to her feathered pets, her full crimson lips, now puckered for a whistle, now opening with a song or a laugh, she seems altogether unlike either a blue or a sentimental damsel, but still to Leonard Hastings, who is pre determined to find fault, seems something worse than either.

"A romp—a young Amazon!" he muttered, as he came slowly up the garden-path. "I detest a hoyden, but if I let her see it she will probably settle into a Madonna like repose, which in her would be still more unendurable. Ah, Fanny, you have spoiled me for all womankind!"

This pathetic exclamation, which was uttered with a sigh so deep that it almost realized one's idea of a groan, requires, perhaps, some explanation.

Leonard Hastings, who was now about twenty-three, had at the age of seventeen imagined himself to be desperately enamored of one of his only sister's school-friends, who was about five years his senior. Like all boys of his age, he fancied his destiny was fixed by the first glance he caught of Fanny's eyes, and forthwith began to make himself appear excessively foolish. He wrote "sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow,' poems to her eyes, odes to her golden curls, engraved her name on every tree within the circuit of his walks.

Now Fanny Gray, besides being engaged before she met this passionate youth, and therefore fancying herself secure, had a spice of the coquette in her disposition, and seeing the impression she produced, she sang to him, played for him, waltzed with him, rambled in the moonlight by his side, and finally listened to his declaration of undying love (which she wrote that night to her lover was filched partly from Byron, partly from Hamlet, and in part from the stilted style in which he had ranted since he knew her) with a laugh, avowed her previous engagement, and called him a silly boy. The epithet stung him, and venting his rage only in the words "false girl," uttered in a tone and an attitude worthy of Forrest, he left her. For weeks, he found his sole enjoyment to consist in repeating, "Frailty, thy name is woman!" and in destroying those poetical effusions which had lately cost him so much time and trouble.

Coming finally to the deplorable conclusion that his heart was broken, he took to Byron collars and heavy sighs, allowed his curls to grow long, and made an ineffectual effort to cultivate a moustache, which he fancied would impart an interesting pallor to his complexion. At college he recovered his spirits sufficiently to allow him to acquit himself creditably, studied law for a time after graduating, but finding that his heart was in danger of repairing the rupture it had sustained, he abjured Blackstone, returned home, revived his taste for sentimental and pastoral poetry, and resolved to spend his life in seclusion.

In this state of inglorious ease he had lived for several months, when the death of a relative imposed a new care on his mother, and Helen's appearance seemed likely to interrupt his schemes of indolent solitude. Having by dint of great effort transformed himself into a woman hater, he had resolved to dislike her; and though his first view of her convinced him of her beauty and graceful ways, he fortified himself still more strongly in his resolution to find fault. Accordingly, when introduced by his mother, he made her a Sir Charles Grandison bow, inquired after her health in the stiffest manner, as though his words were stayed with whalebones, remarked on the beauty of the weather, and taking up his favorite book, began reading.

Now Helen, having heard not a little of his story before her arrival, was neither disconcerted nor vexed by his want of politeness, but taking her work, seated herself by her aunt and began chatting in the most confidential and coaxing way in the world. Leonard's book puzzled him that morning; he could make no sense of it; and his mother being called from the room by household affairs, he found himself ere long engaged in a conversation with his cousin, more entertaining and less pedantic than any he had held with a woman for years. Not that they did not talk on his favorite topic, *books*, but that meeting a taste as delicate, a critical judgment as accurate as his own, he did not, as he was wont, offer his opinions as though they were Median laws and undisputable, but found himself yielding and complying before he was aware.

Asking her at last to sing to him, when she chose a song which Fanny had often warbled, he did not apologize his way, as had been his custom, "into more lines than are in the new map, with the addition of the Indies," nor, clapping his hands to his ears, rush frantically from the room, but standing quietly at Helen's side, began to have a dim idea that perhaps there were more Fannies in the world than one. What it was that induced him as he left the room to exclaim, "a heart as sound as a bell," with an inexpressible expression, I am puzzled to say. He found, however, that his solitary pursuits began to grow wearisome; even Spenser and a seat in the grass under his favorite elm, once his beau ideal of happiness, made him uneasy and discontented. He came at length to the conclusion that it would be an act of charity to sound Helen's understanding, to find wherein she was deficient, and endeavor to supply her defects by his own superior wisdom.

He commenced, therefore, to catechise her, but found to his surprise that in his favorite subjects she was as well versed as himself, and that her knowledge of abstruser topics was not so limited as he had thought to find it. He discovered that he had an original mind to deal with, many of whose workings were to him incomprehensible. The more he studied it, the greater was his puzzle; and he gave up his laudable efforts at improvement, with a conviction that though he did not fully understand *her*, he understood well that he was at last utterly, irretrievably, passionately in love—a love that was no more like his former romantic, boyish fancy, than Fanny's blue eyes were like Helen's dark irids. With this important fact presenting itself to his consideration, he set about removing any unfavorable impression he might have produced on his cousin. He read to her, talked in a new style altogether, and never doubted that he was making rapid inroads on her heart.

"Shall I read to you, Helen?" he asked one day, when he found her intent upon her needlework.

"Yes, if you will lay aside Thomson and find Miss Barrett."

"What shall I read?"

"Whatever you please; there is no choice in Miss Barrett's writings."

"You are enthusiastic, Helen. For my part, I prefer the 'Seasons.'"

"Because you are a Vandal, a Goth. But go on reading."

The piece Leonard selected was, "He giveth his beloved sleep." As he finished the second verse, he stopped.

"I can imagine," said he, "what *you* would give to your beloved, Helen. 'The poet's starstunned harp,' would you not?"

"No, certainly not," she replied, without lifting her eyes; "but finish your reading—we will talk afterward."

A sweet, full-toned voice, a deep appreciation of what he read, gave Leonard's reading a peculiar charm which lingered after he had concluded. Both sat silent for a few moments, when Helen asked suddenly:

"What have you done all your life, Leonard?"

"All my life?" he answered, laughing; "why, in the earlier part of my career I cried, laughed, kicked, and performed various other gymnastic exercises, to the great benefit of my constitution."

"I mean since you returned from college."

His reply was not delivered as confidently as it had often been before, for he had an intuitive impression that Helen would not approve it.

"When I left college, I commenced studying law, tired of it, and am here."

"And why did you tire of it?"

"My dear cousin, law is a series of petty artifices for evading truth; lawyers are devoted to chicanery and trick."

"I beg your pardon. Brougham is a lawyer, and Webster another."

"Exceptions prove the rule, Helen."

"I do not believe that. But what have you done at home?"

"Read poetry, wrote it sometimes, and lost myself in reverie."

"And you are contented?"

"Contented! with this lovely scenery around me, this most glorious sky over my head, the water's rippling music in my ear, with *you* beside me, Helen? With my books, I should be contented to dream my life away here. You look grave, Helen."

"I should not, perhaps," she answered, "for it is not my future you speak of. But it is not thus I should spend my life, were I a man. You asked me if I would endow my beloved with the poet's gifts. No, I told you. I would not while the 'senate's shout' lay still beyond."

"I thought, Helen, that you liked poets."

"And so I do. I admire no man more than him to whom God has vouchsafed the gift of song. But my admiration does not extend to those whom the world *misealls* poets. The essence of poetry is sublimity, is it not? And tell me if it be not more sublime to rush forward in the race of true ambition, to reach the goal most surely and swiftly, and earn a name among the great, than to sit idling 'and dreaming in beautiful solitudes, scribbling pastoral idyls. Poetry! I like the poetry of action and feeling. And how can a man write the poetry of action while he is inactive? how the poetry of feeling when, apart from the world, his emotions are morbid, his passions unhealthy?"

"Then you do not think a man should be a poet?"

"Yes; but not a mere rhymer, a versifier. His poetry should be that of energy, ambition, action. Repose is the luxury of age; action, the duty of the young. Shame on the man who wastes his youth in dreaming! he robs his age of its most precious privilege."

"You are severe, Helen," said Leonard, rising slowly and with a white face. In an instant Helen was at his side.

"I beg your pardon, Leonard," she said softly. "I have been talking of what I know nothing. I am very sorry."

"You have spoken only the truth," was the slow answer.

"I have offended you, Leonard—pray forgive me."

"Not offended, Helen, but wounded me deeply."

He was gone before Helen could reply. For several days she saw him but little. His mornings were spent in his own room, and if he joined her as she sang in the twilight, he made not the most distant allusion to their conversation. He called to her one morning as she ran past his window, and in a moment was at her side.

"I leave this afternoon, Helen," he said.

"Where are you going?"

"To the city."

"And why?"

"To go to work—to retrieve my past errors—to make myself worthy of *you*, Helen."

Helen's color changed, and he went on, speaking passionately and fast.

"I will not say I love you, Helen, for you cannot but know it. I will not ask you to promise yourself to me, for no one can feel more deeply than myself how unworthy I am of such a promise. Your eyes tell me that when I prove myself capable of amendment, you will not reject me. God bless you, Helen!"

Once more a student, Leonard's progress was rapid. Independently of his great natural abilities, which were capable of attaining their object in any case, his love threw a radiance across his way which dispelled every shadow. He began his career anew, with the hope of pleasing and winning Helen. Long before the task was accomplished, ambition had become its own "exceeding great reward." Labor grew sweet for its own sake, and his chief regret in looking back at his past life ceased to be that Helen was still beyond his reach, but that he had wasted in inactivity the time which would have enabled him to gain her without a new effort. And when, his probation ended, he was acknowledged the most promising lawyer of his day, he felt that even had Helen been out of the question, the consciousness of his powers which he had gained would have amply repaid him for every exertion he had put forth.

From this time, his progress was rapid. Called from one post of honor to another, his course was marked by a straightforward uprightness that met approbation from men of all parties. Directing his energies to the furtherance of right and justice, his eloquence became a weapon, broad as the shield of Hercules, pointed as St. George's lance, in the defence of liberty and law.

Not till then did he renew his suit. He had seen Helen, but not often, since he had first left her, and never had he renewed the subject then begun, for he had determined not to approach her until he had abundant proof of his fitness.

As for Helen, she had changed but little in Leonard's absence. No woman learns that she is beloved without becoming more lovely, and she, in the transition from seventeen to twenty-two, had but perfected her beauty. Watching his course with a pride that not even his mother's could surpass, she had the additional satisfaction of knowing that hers had been the power which had roused him from his lethargy—awakened that noble ambition without which man is but a mere machine.

"Have you seen the evening papers, Helen?" asked Mrs. Hastings, approaching her niece with them in her hand. They contain the announcement of the close of the legislative session and one of Leonard's long speeches. He will be here to-morrow, probably."

Taking the papers and retiring to her favorite seat in the garden, Helen just avoided meeting Leonard, who, having started for home in the morning, had just arrived, dusty and tired, and impatient to learn his fate. Short, therefore, were his affectionate greetings to his mother, and hasty his replies to her congratulatory questions. Learning Helen's occupation and whereabouts, he sprang down the path in pursuit, and drawing the paper gently from her hands, playfully bade her listen to an oral report on a more interesting topic.

"You were my incentive, Helen," he concluded, after a hasty sketch of his conduct. "But for you I should still have been dreaming under these old elms, and since you have thrown me upon a rougher path, may I not hope that you will at least share it with me?"

And Helen's answer came, clear and distinct, and like Fame she smiled approval, and Leonard, clasping her in his arms, cried, with Harley L'Estrange: "Blessed be the woman who exalts."

AUNT LIZZIE'S COURTSHIP.

"Why, you see, when my man came courtin' me, I hadn't the least thought of what he was after—not I. Jobie came to our house one night, after dark, and rapped at the door. I opened it, and sure enough there was Jobie. 'Come in,' sez I; 'take a cheer.' 'No, Lizzie,' sez he, 'I've come of an arrant, and I alwus do my arrants fast.' 'But you had better come in and take a cheer, Mr. W——.' 'No, I can't. The fact is, Lizzie, I've come on this ere courtin' business.' 'My sakes,' says I, 'you've been three weeks, and everything's goin' to rack an' ruin right along. Now, Lizzie, if you're a mind to have me, an' take care of my house, an' my children, an' my duds, tell me, and I'll come in an' take a cheer; if not, I'll get some one else tu.' Why I was skeer'd and sed—' If you come on this courtin' business, come in. I must think on't a little.' 'No, I can't till I know. That's my arrant. And I can't sit down till my arrant's done.' 'I should like to think on't a day or two.' 'Now you needn't, Lizzie.' 'Well, Jobie, if I must, I must—so here's tu ye then.' So Mr. W—— came in. Then he went after the squire and he married us right off, and I went home with Jobie that very night. I tell you what it is, these long courtin's don't amount to nothing at all. Just as well to do it in a hurry."—*New York Mercury.*

UNEXPECTED RISE IN PRICES.

A gentleman with a simple mind the other day ordered a late dinner at Harris's, in Wilson's Lane, when a stranger entered at that moment, and took a seat opposite him. The good cheer superinduced a lively chat, and the stranger discoursed largely upon the high prices of food, and mentioned incidentally that a further rise was soon to be expected. Each of the feeders received the medallion-like ticket which told how much he had ordered, and the stranger, after hurriedly reading, paid and disappeared. The gentleman with the simple mind was surprised to hear of another rise in prices, and when he went to the counter to pay he was still more astonished to find that rise had already commenced—for the stranger during the conversation had shifted the coins, taking his ticket (18 cents) and left him the other (17 1-2). This kind of rise in prices made him wish he had risen quicker himself.—*Boston Post.*

GOOD USE OF THE LANTERN.

A conductor of a train on the Indiana Central Railroad, recently, says the Dayton Gazette, expecting the approach of another, went forward to give warning. It was night, and his lantern went out just as he heard the train rapidly approaching. As the locomotive came up, he seized a club and threw it, but the missile glanced off from the engine, without making a noise perceptible even to himself. But seizing his lantern, he hurled it at the lantern of the passing locomotive, just as it came opposite to him. Fortunately he hit it. The crashing glass and the extinguishment of the light startled the engineer. A sharp whistle was heard—the brakes were shut down—the train stopped. Everybody was safe, when, but for the throwing of that lucky lantern, scores might have been killed or wounded.

Jester's Picnic.

Two parlors were working one day in the hot sun, when a magnificent equipage rolled by them, in which reclined a nil desperare. One of the workmen raised his head, and looking after the retiring carriage, said, as he wiped the perspiration from his dusty brow:

"A gentleman—that's a trade I should like better than pasting the streets!"

"Well, why don't you learn it?" asked his companion.

"I can't," sighed he, "I haven't got the tools!"

A tradesman was once complaining that apprentices of modern times were far from being so methodical as when he was a boy. "My master," said he, "always taught me, and I learned the lesson well, always to have things in such order as always to know where to find them, even in the dark. Consequence is, whenever I want a thing, I can put my hand right on it" and he clapped his hand emphatically down on to the counter, into a lump of lard. Moral—a place for everything and everything in its place.

"Mr. Pilkins, you say you know the defendant—what is his character?" "For what, sir—spreeing or integrity?" "For integrity, sir." "Well, all I can say about Jones is that if by honest he's got a queer way of showing it, that's all." "What do you mean by that?" "Just this—that the night before he dines on turkey, somebody's poultry coop is always broken open." "That will do, Mr Pilkins."

The most singular instance of British pride is related of a man known in his time as the proud Duke of Somerset. This pluar of the Corinthian capital of polished society married a second wife. One day, with an affectionate ease, she suddenly threw her arm around his neck and fondly saluted him. "Madam," said the proud peer, "my first wife was a Percy, and she would not have taken such a liberty."

Maloun, physician to the Queen of France, was so fond of drugging, that it is told of him that once having a most patient patient, who diligently and punctually swallowed all the stuffs he ordered, he was so delighted in seeing all the pilnis and pill-boxes cleaned out, that he shook him by the hand, exclaiming:—"My dear sir, it really affords me pleasure to attend you, and you deserve to be ill."

"More Particular" than Poetic.—A candidate for the prize ode on General Wolfe, who fell at the battle of Quebec, writes the following:

Without stopping or fears,
He marched at the head of his bold grenadiers;
And what is still more particular,
He chained up rocks that are perpendicular.

It is said that a subject of the King of Prussia, a talented mechanic, being about to emigrate, was arrested and brought before his majesty. "Well, my good friend," said the king, "how can we persuade you to remain in Prussia?" "Most gracious sire, only by making Prussia what America is." He was allowed to emigrate.

The bishop of Oxford has sent round to the churchwardens in his diocese a circular of inquiries, among which was—"Does the officiating clergyman preach the Gospel, and are his conversation and carriage consistent therewith?" A church-warden, near Wallingford, replied—"He preaches the Gospel, but only keeps a pig."

Parody.—The Cleveland Herald gets off the following parody on the "Mellow Horn:"

"All nature smiles to usher in
The blushing queen of morn,
And patriots with the day begin
To take their usual horn."

Folly and Innocence.—Charles—"I say, Clara aint it jolly? I've made such a capital book on the Derby!"
Clara—"I'm sure, Charles, I am delighted to hear it. Any literary pursuit must be better than the horrid practice you were getting into of betting at races."

"What are you about?" inquired a lunatic of a cook, who was industriously stripping the feathers from a fowl. "Dressing a chicken," answered the cook. "I should call that 'undressing,' said the crazy chap, in reply. The cook looked reflective.

An exchange complains of certain editors for having credited one of its articles to another paper; and with commendable spirit threatens, in case this course of abstraction is persisted in, to tell them a story which they went credits at all.

Severity of the Season.—(*Extremely unromantic.*)—Alfred, devotedly in love, asked Maria for her hand. "You may have it, Alfred dear," the serious girl replied; "but I am afraid you will find it twice its usual size; for it's covered all over with chilblains."

Mrs. Matilda Maggs has a fresh shingle at her shop door in one of the busiest streets, with this announcement: "Notis—I ar gut sum nu artikels for sail—such as kandies, krackers, kookies, kups, sawcers, & meany uther artikels to numerus to menshun, All selling cheap."

New mode of killing fleas: place the ferocious animal on a smooth board, and pen him in a hedge of shoemaker's wax; then, as soon as he becomes quiet, commence reading to him the debates of Congress during the present session, and in five minutes he will burst with indignation.

The man who cooks all the spicy dishes found in Harper's "Drawer," says that he hates a clam, and all because it once made a treacherous attempt to be an oyster. Good clam chowder, we imagine, will continue to be liked by some the same as formerly.

Which is the deepest, the longest, the broadest, and the smallest grave in Esther churchyard? That in which Miles Button lies buried; for it contains Miles in the sod, Miles in length, and Miles in breadth,—and yet it is only a Button-hole.

A collegian, enlightening a former upon animalcula, applied his microscope to the cheese, saying, "Now, look and see them wiggle." "Well," said the farmer, placing the cheese in his mouth, "let them wiggle. I can stand it as long as they can."

In the valley of Virginia, a young gent having devoted himself to the special entertainment of a company of pretty girls for a whole evening, demanded payment in kisses, when one of them instantly replied: "Certainly, sir, present your bill!"

"Do you know the pioneer, Mr Jones?" "Yes, to the bone." "What is his character?" "Didn't know he had any." "Does he fire near you?" "So near that he has spent only five shillings for fire wood in eight years."

Some acute philosopher says: "Poverty is a disease which can only be cured by industry and frugality." This is a mistake. A poultice made of gold dust, spread upon a bank bill, will do the business effectually.

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It was early morning of November fifth Crimea, Sebastopol, the stronghold of power, lay crouching by her harbor in majesty. The long rows of white edifi the lofty spires of churches, the noble stre massive quays, appeared plainly in the ally increasing morning light, and tantali besieger. For there—unharmed by the tempest which the artillery of France an land had hurled upon it; uninjured by ball; with beauty undiminished, and unshaken; surrounded by Titanic fortifi and armed with appalling strength—th the famous city, and still defied, and lau scorn, the might of her beleaguerers.

It was early morning, and few sounds break the stillness of the scene. The army without the city lay reposing in slumber. Careless now of the object efforts, they lay beneath the shelter of the less tents which dotted the surrounding and in frowns re visited their native land sentinels and the outposts wandered l along their beat, and at times glanced ea around, as some sudden noise broke upon the silence of the scene. They w half sleepily, for no one thought or dre an attack.

Where the ruins of the ancient town o mann point out a home of some ancient is a dark and dismal gorge, whence ster and wooded declivities arise. On the side of this gorge, or valley, the Englis sion was encamped. A thousand tents upon the plain, and sheltered the soldi now lay slumbering beneath. They al rocked not of coming danger. They slep ly, for they were wearied with watchi working, and now enjoyed the peaceful which so kindly visited them. They sle why should they not? It might be sleep which many might obtain on earth let them sleep, and be awakened, and meet the fire, and flame, and death, and b into that world where they will "sleep that knows no waking."

It was a damp and misty morning, sun had not yet risen upon the earth, scene around could only be viewed in twilight of the morning. Upon a small the eastward extremity of the British can two sentinels, whose anxious gestures and my actions showed them to be intently something of the utmost importance. them was dressed in the uniform of a officer, and had carelessly wrapped arou heavy military cloak, whose folds, how not conceal the dress beneath. The dressed in the coarser garb of a privat and seemed to be a servant, or rather a the officer. Both were intently gazing obscure object which was but dimly di upon the other side of the valley. Th of mist, the obscurity of the dawn, the ing brushwood and copses, the rocks and all formed obstacles which prevented a vey of any object or movement upon t side of the valley of Inkermann. So th long before the two watchers were satisfi the existence of some suspicious object, about time before had attracted their a The officer exhibited the strongest fe excited attention, and with every sense the highest point of watchfulness, he s amining the suspected place.

"No use, Captain D'Arcy, your hon dently said the valet in English, whi foreign accent. "No use; you can't be anything. There is no sortie."

"Who asked your opinion? Hold your and listen!" sternly rejoined the officer.

For a few moments longer they wa silence. A faint light appeared upon th slope, and a low, dull sound was heard